

C A L A F;

A

PERSIAN TALE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TO THE

R E A D E R.



A PREFACE, or address to the reader, is, perhaps, the most arduous part of an author's task, and frequently as useless as the **WHOLE**: but it is a formidable thing to make a first appearance before the public without an introduction—a trust, which, if we may avail ourselves of

an example from the stage of common life, properly devolves upon *another*.

The following pages are the production of a girl of seventeen; an age in which judgment, whatever promises it may make to futurity, is naturally in a state of imperfection; and when free from any indications of an immoral or neglected mind, I will presume to hope may form an admissible claim to the indulgence of the world.

The

The distant country in which the scene is laid in the work before us, the manners, customs, and language (or, more properly, style of expression) of the East, to which she has endeavoured to confine herself, may be allowed to increase the difficulties of so young an author, and, as *she* apprehends, may have precipitated her into some grammatical errors, from which she has not been able to extricate herself, without sacrificing descriptive to literal precision. But it belongs not to my undertaking to descant on the merits or demerits of

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her

her performance : its best and only apology is, that *it is all her own* ; as such, it is submitted to a candid and discerning public : and in full confidence, that whatever sentence may be passed upon it from the awful tribunal before which it stands, it will be *equitable*, even though it may be *severe*, I remain,

A Friend of the Author.

C A L A F.

CHAPTER I.

IN the reign of the Persian prince Shah Hufsein there lived in Schirvan, a northern province of his dominions, bordering on the Caspian sea, a sage, known by the name of Almorad, the evening of whose long life had been spent in solitude, and studying the sublime precepts of the Koran; but the fame of his wisdom spread as do the

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flourishing branches of the cedar : and as the soft melody of the lute, touched by a Circassian maiden ; even so sounded the name of Almorad in the ears of the Persians. He had a son who lived with him among the mountains of Schirvan, whose name was CALAF ; he was hardy as the young lion of Hyrcania *, and impatient of control as the courser in the Arabian deserts : his eyes were black, and wild as those of a stag, and he was fairer than the damsels of Georgia : yet he hearkened to the sage precepts of experience, and paid obedience to the commands of Almorad.

* A Persian province, which lies south-west of the Caspian sea : it is woody and mountainous, and overrun with wild beasts.

The great sultan of Persia had a son, some years younger than Calaf, whose cheek glowed with the fresh tinge of youth, who was straight as the lofty pine which crowns the mountains of Curdistan*, but whose mind resembled an unpolished diamond, which requires the hand of the skilful artist to give it its true lustre: this artist was the experienced Almorad; and to his care did the Persian monarch wish to entrust the education of his son.

It was long since the venerable sage had quitted the busy noise of worldly affairs, for a peaceful cottage; but he

* A province, the western part of which is in the possession of Turkey.

now obeyed the will of his sovereign, and prepared once more to embark on the stormy sea of life: yet it was with regret that he quitted the mountains of Schirvan, it was with sorrow that he left the retreat of wisdom; but the voice of his monarch was to Almorad awful as the roaring of the lion in the wilderness, and the commands of the Shah were immutable.

“ O Calaf !” said the sage Almorad,
 “ lay aside thy bow, and let the wild
 “ boar of the mountain live in safety ;
 “ no more shall the hills echo with the
 “ manly voice of Calaf, or the fierce
 “ tiger of the desert fall beneath his
 “ arrows : the commands of the sultan
 “ have pierced through the solitude
 “ which

" which shaded us; and who shall with-
 " stand his voice, or murmur at the
 " decrees of the sovereign of the East?
 " I have trained thee up, O Calaf! in
 " the ways of wisdom, and thou hast
 " lived under the wing of virtue: the
 " mighty Allah has rewarded thee with
 " content, and crowned thee with hap-
 " piness: but who can search into fu-
 " turity, or penetrate the dark mist
 " which lies before us? Attend there-
 " fore, O Calaf! and listen to my
 " voice: be not dazzled with the splen-
 " dour of a court, nor let thine heart
 " swell with pride; for the vanity of
 " this world is as a gleam which passeth
 " away, and as a shadow which de-
 " parteth. We are going, my son, to
 " experience the vicissitudes of a trou-

"blesome life: no more shalt thou
 "bound like the young fawn on the
 "tops of the mountains: thine ears
 "shall be filled with the sound of
 "flattery, and with the poison of
 "praise shalt thou be fed: but the
 "sweet odour of the rose is guarded
 "by a thorn, and the smile of the de-
 "ceiver is fatal. Let then, O Ca-
 "laf! the words which I have spoken
 "sink deep into thine heart."

"Ah!" said the virtuous Calaf,
 "fearest thou then that the feet of the
 "son of Almorad will stray from the
 "path which thou prescribe? Has
 "he not followed the directions of the
 "Koran, or has he turned his thoughts
 "from

“ from Allah ? Wherefore then shouldst
 “ thou doubt ? ”

“ My son,” replied Almorad, “ as
 “ yet thou knowest but little ; thou
 “ wilt enter the world as a child which
 “ beginneth its life : thou hast not
 “ wrestled with its temptations, thou
 “ hast not withstood its allurements :
 “ the deceitful Genius of pleasure will
 “ be ready to embrace thee, and the
 “ flatterers to fill thee with pride.
 “ Wilt thou, when encompassed with
 “ slaves, when the diamond sparkles in
 “ thine eyes, and thy senses are en-
 “ charmed by the soft magic of the lute,
 “ wilt thou then remember that thou
 “ art that Calaf, the son of Almorad,
 “ who lived in retirement among the

" mountains of the north? But the
 " swift wings of time, who stayeth not
 " for man, flieth towards the morning.
 " Tarry not, therefore, my son, lest
 " the heat of noon overtake thee on
 " thy journey: hie thee to the town of
 " Derbent*, and inquire of the sage
 " Albumaschar, who dwelleth there,
 " concerning our departure. That
 " great astrologer, whose piercing eye
 " can penetrate the thick veil which
 " covereth the events of futurity, will
 " inform thee what hour will be the
 " most fortunate for Almorad and his

* This town is situated in the north of Schir-
 van, upon the coast of the Caspian sea: its name
 signifies an iron gate, it being a strong pass be-
 tween the mountains.—See *Sal. Mod. Hist.* vol. i.
 p. 306.

" son

"son to bid adieu to the lofty moun-
 "tains of the north. Go, therefore,
 "my son, but let not thy absence be
 "long; and may to-morrow's dawn
 "see thee returned to thy father."

The obedient Calaf bowed his head,
 and retired from the presence of Almo-
 rad: his eyes were fixed on the
 ground; and, attended by a slave, he
 pursued his way towards the valley of
 Moran. The rising sun shed a rosy
 light across the brows of the moun-
 tains, and even penetrated the dark
 gloom of the valley into which he was
 advancing: the grass glittered with the
 pearly gems of the morning, and the
 birds were straining their little throats

in notes of gratitude to their Creator.

“ Ah !” said Calaf to himself, “ how
 “ is it that the meanest of the works of
 “ Heaven should thus rejoice, when
 “ the sons of men, the worshippers of
 “ the mighty Prophet, are cast down
 “ with grief? Is the son of Almorad
 “ less worthy than the warblers of the
 “ woods; or hast thou, O Allah!
 “ turned thine ear from the voice of
 “ his complainings? Ah! wherefore
 “ hast thou chased the smile of content-
 “ ment from his bosom? Why hast
 “ thou doomed his departure from the
 “ peaceful retreat of his infancy?—
 “ Alas, Calaf! no more shalt thou

“ re-

“recline beneath the shady branches of
 “the poplar, or slumber in the cool
 “recesses of the valley.”

He had now entered the town of Derbent, and addressing himself to a man who was passing through the street, he saluted him gravely, and besought him to conduct him to the abode of the venerable Albumaschar. The stranger having complied with the request of Calaf, led him through several streets, till they arrived at an avenue of tall trees, stretching their luxuriant branches from the portico of a superb house, adorned with columns of the finest marble.

Calaf, after many acknowledgments, took leave of his guide, and the door was opened by a black slave, who conducted him to an apartment, in which he beheld a venerable figure reposing on a magnificent sofa, covered with green velvet, and richly embroidered: his snowy beard hung down to his belt, and his body was bowed by the weight of years. At the approach of Calaf he raised himself from his couch: the son of Almorad addressed him with respect, and spoke to him in these words:

“ Divine Albumasar! thou who
 “ conferrest with the stars, and art in-
 “ structed by the heavens, deign to
 “ in-

"inform me of the road which fate
 "has assigned me. Know, experi-
 "enced sage, my name is Calaf; I
 "am the son of Almorad, who dwell-
 "eth in the mountains, half a day's
 "journey from hence. The mighty
 "monarch whom the East obeys, hath
 "commanded us to leave our humble
 "habitation, and repair to his court.
 "Tell me, then, O learned Albu-
 "maschar! when we shall bid adieu to
 "the mountains."

"Thou art welcome, young man,"
 replied the sage: "the son of Almorad
 "is welcome to the house of Albumas-
 "char. Long have these eyes desired to
 "behold thy father: he has lived alone;
 "in solitude have his declining days
 "been

“ been spent : nevertheless his fame is
“ far spread among the children of men :
“ even as the light of heaven, which
“ discovereth what darkness has en-
“ veloped, so are the lessons of his wis-
“ dom to the worshippers of Allah.”

“ Sage, whom the world consults,”
replied Calaf, “ may the rewarder of the
“ faithful repay thy hospitality, and may
“ he shed his blessings like balm around
“ thine head ! But behold, the shades of
“ evening will soon close upon the
“ plains, and Almorad waiteth with im-
“ patience the return of his son.”

“ Calaf,” said Albumaschar, “ that
“ which thou desirest shall be revealed
“ to thee : meanwhile thou shalt be con-
“ ducted

“ ducted to a bath, where thou mayest
 “ be refreshed from the fatigue of thy
 “ journey.”

At his call a slave entered.

“ Moukhtallah,” said the sage, “ lead
 “ the stranger to the bath, and be it thy
 “ care, that he lacketh not the attention
 “ which is due to the guest of Albu-
 “ maschar.”

Calaf followed Moukhtallah to the
 bath; the waters of which, clearer than
 crystal, flowed from a fountain of va-
 riegated marble, rendered cool by the
 orange and lime trees, which waved their
 verdant heads over the stream; and to
 their fragrance was added that of the
 most

most exquisite perfumes, which were scattered around in profusion. He was then conducted to a room, far more magnificent than that which he had first entered: on the walls were carved several cabalistical figures, and in the midst stood a little table of green marble, by which sat the sage Albumaschar, who presented him with a scroll, inscribed with the following words, in letters of gold :

“ The children of Adam are but as
 “ the dust of the earth, which the wind
 “ disperseth ; even as corn which fall-
 “ eth before the scythe of the reaper,
 “ so are the sons of men before the hand
 “ of death. Who then can say, I will
 “ tarry till to-morrow, when the morn-
 “ ing's

"ing's dawn may behold him the food
 "of worms and vultures? Delay not
 "then, O Calaf! to follow the com-
 "mands of the Shah. Honour awaits
 "thee, advancement courts thy accept-
 "ance; the purple robe, the desire of
 "ambition, shall be thine; the sabre,
 "the reward of courage, shall sparkle
 "on thy side; and thou, O Calaf! shalt
 "become the loftiest branch of the Per-
 "sian cedar. But let the son of Almo-
 "rad beware of the temptations of
 "love; let him strengthen his heart
 "against the charms of beauty, that
 "weakener of the strong, that impeder
 "of the swift. Let not the lion fall
 "into the net of the hunters; let not
 "the king of the forest be taken in
 "the snare. Let Almorad hasten to
 "the

“the court of his monarch: there
 “shall the counsels of experience ripen
 “into virtue the heart of a future
 “king.”

“Calaf,” said the sage, “hast thou
 “weighed, and dost thou understand
 “the words which thou hast read?”

“Alas!” replied the youth, “I
 “must fly my beloved mountains, in
 “search of fame, and what will be my
 “recompence? Hath not our holy
 “Prophet anointed my breast with the
 “balsam of content? My heart hath
 “never longed after riches, nor have
 “my ears been open to the empty
 “sounds of praise. As for the charms
 “of beauty, I fear them not: I have
 “seen

"seen the fairest damsels who inhabit
 "the mountains with indifference; I
 "have beheld them without emotion.
 "But the day is departing tell me
 "then, O learned Albumaschar! when
 "Almorad must quit his retirement,
 "and bend his steps towards the pre-
 "sence of the king."

"To-morrow," answered Albumas-
 char; "when the sun shall withdraw
 "his radiance from the mountains, and
 "the moon gleams with a silver light
 "upon the inhabitants of the earth;
 "then shall Almorad and his son de-
 "part from their beloved retreat."

Moukhtallah then entered the room,
 and presented to Calaf a goblet full of
 the

the most exquisite sherbet, and a basket containing a variety of dried fruits. When he had eaten, he expressed his gratitude to the hospitable sage, and departed from the house of the venerable Albumaschar.

CHAPTER II.

THE son of Almorad now bent his steps from the town of Derbent; and with a heart oppressed with melancholy he lifted his eyes to the pale orb of night, which shone in majestic serenity on the tops of the mountains: every thing was still; scarce a murmur was heard among the trees; the nightingale alone seemed to chant an answer to the silent complaints of Calaf. The valley of Moran, which he now re-entered, was perfumed by the fragrance of violets and roses; the pensive calmness of the scene was soothing to

to the sadness of his soul, and his feet lingered insensibly in the verdant path. At length, the slave who attended him ventured to express his fears lest they should encounter any of the genii who inhabited the mountains*, those beings so terrible to the sight of mortals.

“Hast thou then,” said Calaf, roused from meditation by the words of the slave, “committed some fault, for which thou fearest the vengeance of the Prophet? Hast thou dipped thy hands in blood; or how hast thou transgressed his laws? If thou art

* The inhabitants of most of the eastern nations place a strong belief in the power of genii, or invisible spirits, over the good or ill fortune of their lives.

“in-

“innocent, wherefore shouldst thou
 “tremble? If this valley be the abode
 “of invifible powers, doubtlefs they
 “will protect the virtuous.”

They now began to climb the hills,
 and the trembling flave expreffed his
 joy that they had emerged in fafety
 from the obfcurity which had ftruck a
 damp upon his heart.

“Agib,” faid Calaf, “I fee thou art
 “not endued with courage. Yet what
 “is it that thou fearest? When the
 “fummer parcheth up the ground, and
 “filleth the world with heat; when
 “the fcorched herd retireth from the
 “mountains, and the fon of man feek-
 “eth the fhady wood for fhelter—how
 “oft

" oft has the wearied Calaf pierced the
 " thickest covert of the valley; how
 " oft has he reposed beneath the um-
 " brageous branches of those trees;
 " which the radiant beams of the sun
 " could not penetrate; how oft, when
 " the milder beauty of the moon hath
 " chased away the intense heat of day,
 " and the dark green of the valley is
 " spangled by the cooling dews of
 " evening, have I listened till the re-
 " turning dawn, to the sweet war-
 " bling of the nightingale! This, O
 " Agib! was the only sound which
 " broke the tranquil gloom of night.
 " The genii of darkness terrified me
 " not; but the protectors of the world
 " seemed to reign over the scene, invisi-
 " ble to the sight of mortals."

The sun now began to glimmer through the trees, and to cast a faint light across the plains; when the son of Almorad, attended by his slave, arrived at the habitation of his father, who beheld him with joy.

“Welcome, my son!” said the virtuous sage. “Have I not longed for thy presence, and lo, thou art returned to my wish! Almorad has not tasted of repose since thy absence; nor once have the eyelids of thy father been closed in slumber. I have watched during the hours of night: the divine lessons of the Koran have amused my mind; the inspired words of the Prophet have enlightened my soul. But let Calaf

● declare to his father the instructions
 “ of Albumaschar.”

“ My father,” replied Calaf, “ thus
 “ faith the sage—“ To-morrow night,
 “ when the moon poureth her silver
 “ rays upon the hills, when the glow-
 “ worm sparkleth on the ground; then
 “ shall Almorad and his son quit their
 “ retreat in the mountains.” He re-
 “ ceived me with hospitality, he fa-
 “ luted me with kindness; and the
 “ voice of Albumaschar paid the tribute
 “ of praise to the virtues of Almo-
 “ rad.”

“ My son,” said the sage, “ well
 “ hast thou obeyed the directions of
 “ thy father. But methinks thou art
 “ weary;

"weary; thou hast travelled far, and
 "'tis time thou shouldst repose thyself.
 "Retire, therefore, O Calaf! and may
 "the downy wing of slumber be waft-
 "ed o'er thy brows."

But far from the breast where sadness
 maketh its abode, are the balmy dews
 of sleep: they sealed not the eyes of
 Calaf: his bosom heaved with sighs,
 and his soul was depressed with sorrow:
 his cottage on the mountains appeared
 to him more desirable than palaces, and
 the poplars which shaded it more ma-
 jestic than columns of marble: the
 wild notes of the nightingale, more
 melodious than the softest lute; and
 the roses of the valley, more fragrant
 than the richest perfumes of Arabia.

“ I am going,” said he, “ among
 “ men whom I know not, and whom
 “ my soul careth not for: my counte-
 “ nance must look bright with smiles,
 “ when my heart is plunged in grief.
 “ Yet why do I complain?—it is the
 “ will of the sultan, and shall he not
 “ be obeyed?”

Thus did Calaf continue to indulge
 his melancholy, till the sun-beams,
 darting through his windows, sum-
 moned him to rise, and perform his
 devotions to the Prophet. He then
 prepared to amuse himself with the
 chase, for the last time, amid the forests
 of Schirvan: but when he bent his
 bow, his arm failed him; when he
 aimed his dart, it flew not to the mark;
 the

the lofty sound of his voice was no longer heard, it died away in broken murmurs on his lips, it sunk into silence. The spotted leopard felt not his lance, the trembling hart escaped from his arrows.

“ Ah! ” said Calaf, “ ye savages of
“ the desert, fear no longer the bended
“ bow : ye shall range the mountains
“ in safety ; ye shall devour the inno-
“ cent prey ; for the son of Almorad no
“ longer pursueth you : no more shall
“ the shafts of Calaf be dipped in
“ your blood.”

Now turning his steps from the forest, he proceeded towards the habitation of his father, with whom the

hour of dinner being now arrived, he partook of the simple repast which was prepared for them. Luxury, that inhabitant of palaces, was banished far from the board of Almorad, and a cup of water and a few dates* usually furnished his humble meal. Calaf then read aloud several passages from the book of his Prophet, and Almorad amused himself with a caalean† till the approach of night warned them to retire. The feeble eyelids of Almorad soon gave way to repose, but Calaf

* The principal meal of the inhabitants of the East is supper; fruits, rice, and sweetmeats, being most agreeable to them in the heat of the day.

† A vessel made of glass, used by the Persians in smoking.

once

once more bent his way towards his favourite valley; and no sooner had he entered it, than the discourse of Agib forcibly recurred to his imagination.—
 “Doubtless,” said he, “this terrestrial paradise is the abode of the guardian genii of the mountains. May they deign to instruct with their counsels the heart of Calaf, and inspire his soul with virtue!”

The eyes of Calaf were closed in sleep; he sunk down among the roses. Scarcely were his senses subdued by slumber, ere there appeared before him a being of gigantic stature: his eyes sparkled with a mild lustre, and his countenance, which was shaded with hair of the most beautiful auburn,

shone with the bright glow of benevolence: a pair of silver wings waved from his shoulders: when he spoke, the sound of his voice flowed in music through the valley, and his breath perfumed the air with the most delightful odours.

“Son of the virtuous Almorad,”
 said the Génius, “thy prayer is heard.
 “I am Urquino, the Genius of these
 “mountains. I am thy guardian, too,
 “O Calaf! I have watched thee by
 “night, I have guided thee by day, I
 “have kept thy mind under the domi-
 “nion of virtue; I have led thee in
 “the steps of thy father. Now, O
 “Calaf! I deliver thee to the world,
 “where thou wilt be encompassed with
 “tempta-

"temptations; thou wilt be allured by
 "pleasure; thou wilt be vanquished
 "by beauty; thou wilt be elated by
 "pride; and ambition shall seize upon
 "thy mind."

"Alas!" cried Calaf, "how shall I
 "resist these united enemies of my
 "youth, when thou art no longer my
 "guide? how shall I withstand their
 "allurements?"

"Have courage, my son," replied
 Urquino; "continue to study the di-
 "vine precepts of thy great Prophet,
 "and cease not to listen with reverence
 "to the lessons of Almorad; for apt
 "are the feet of youth to stray into
 "the paths of error, and to fall with
 c 5 "pre-

" precipitation into the snares of plea-
 " sure: but of all the enemies of
 " which my care would warn thee, the
 " mightiest is ambition; and I will
 " show thee, O Calaf! the fatal effects
 " of this haughty, this destructive
 " power."

He then gently drew his hand over
 the eyes of Calaf.

" Tell me, my son," said he, " what
 " thou beholdest?"

" Ah!" cried the astonished Calaf,
 " the valley is transformed into a stately
 " palace; and if mine eyes deceive me
 " not, I see a youth of a lofty air ar-
 " rayed in purple, and glittering with
 " dia-

“diamonds, reaching with both hands
 “at a crown, which seems far beyond
 “his grasp.”

“Look again,” said the Genius;
 “and say what now appeareth to thy
 “view?”

“Alas!” cried Calaf, “how is the
 “scene reversed! The magnificent
 “palace is now become a dreary pri-
 “son. The man whom I beheld but
 “now in the bloom of youth and
 “beauty, is shivering with age and in-
 “firmity; and those eyes* which seem-
 “ed to dart forth lightnings on the be-
 “holder, some barbarous hand has

* Loss of sight is a common punishment for
 state prisoners in Persia.

" torn from him ; and behold, a slave
 " enters, to release him from his mis-
 " rable existence. O thou, who deign-
 " est to instruct the children of morta-
 " lity, permit me to turn away mine
 " eyes from this scene of death. O
 " suffer not thy servant to fall into the
 " snares of a misguided ambition !"

" The vengeance which thou shud-
 " derest at is just," replied the Genius.
 " But know, O Calaf! Urquino means
 " not to damp the noble ardour of
 " youth, or entirely to extinguish the
 " glowing sparks of ambition. When
 " the cause of thy sovereign calls forth
 " thy courage, when the hoarse voice
 " of war echoes through the plains,
 " and the sabre of the foe is waving in
 " thine

“ thine eyes; then let the valiant arm
 “ of Calaf strike for fame, and the
 “ gracious smile of his monarch shall
 “ crown his ambition. Be not, O my
 “ son! carried away too rapidly by the
 “ sweeping torrent of pleasure; be not
 “ drowned in the whirlpool of dissipa-
 “ tion. Farewell, O Calaf! and let
 “ not the lessons of Urquino be ba-
 “ nished from thy mind.”

At these words, spreading his shining
 wings, he cut the yielding air, and dis-
 appeared from the sight of Calaf: but
 no sooner was he gone, than a female
 figure, of most ravishing beauty, pre-
 sented herself to his dazzled view.
 Her golden tresses, which flowed care-
 lessly

leffly on her foulders, were loofely bound by a little chain of pearls: her complexion rivalled the rofes and lilies which perfumed the valley; and the beams which were darted from her eyes feemed to chafe away the gloominefs of night.

“ Calaf, thou fon of Almorad,” faid the beauteous vifion, in a voice full of the moft enchanting harmony, “ behold thy conqueror !”

At thefe words he started, and waking, found himfelf ftill in the valley: but the vifion which charmed him had vanifhed from his fight.

“ Stay,”

"Stay," cried he, "lovely sultana!
 "Beautiful houri*! tarry for a mo-
 "ment. The soul of Calaf is indeed
 "vanquished: the heart of the son of
 "Almorad is become thy captive.
 "Ah! too cruel as thou art, thou ap-
 "pearest not to my wish. Yet, what
 "is it that I desire? Ah, presumptu-
 "ous Calaf! impious ambition has al-
 "ready seized upon thee. This is,
 "doubtless, one of those celestial beau-
 "ties destined to reward the faithful
 "when Azrael† has taken them from
 "the world.—Ah, foolish Calaf! how
 "dost thou afflict thyself! What is it

* Houries are celestial beings inhabiting Para-
 dise, destined to be the companions of Mussul-
 men after death.

† The angel of death.

" that

"that thou lovest? A phantom of
 "the night, an image formed by sleep.
 "Urquino! thou guardian genius of
 "my youth, why hast thou forsaken
 "me? Why hast thou left the mind
 "of Calaf a prey to such vain illu-
 "sions?"

With his heart disturbed by these
 perplexing ideas, he was quitting the
 valley; but suddenly recollecting that
 his feet pressed the verdant carpet on
 which he stood, for the last time, his
 eyes filled with tears.

"Ah, unmanly weakness!" cried he;
 "unworthy the son of Almorad. Shall
 "Calaf, who supinely yields to the
 "vain control of grief—shall he dare
 "to

“to contend for the prize of fame?

“No, alas! the heart of Calaf was

“not made for the noble struggles of

“honour! Is he not drowned in the

“tears of effeminacy? is he not taken

“in the soft toils of love?”

Then endeavouring to recover the
composure which had forsaken him,

“Farewell!” cried he, “beloved

“retreat of Calaf. Ye songsters, whose

“melody has so oft enchanted him—

“ye roses, whose beauty is rivalled

“only by the fresh bloom of the houri

“he adores.”

He now pursued his way towards a

brook, which wound its glassy stream

round

round the foot of one of the loftiest mountains which reared its frowning front above the valley ; where it was his custom to perform the ablutions required of the faithful by their Prophet. His bosom now seemed to have banished the weight with which it was oppressed, and he entered the habitation of his father with a countenance expressive of serenity.

“ Joy of my heart ! ” said Almorad, “ in good time art thou come. The
 “ beasts are ready laden ; and when
 “ the sun begins to sink in the horizon,
 “ and the dusky grey of the twilight
 “ succeeds to the bright radiance of
 “ day, we will mount our horses, and
 4 “ for

"for ever bid adieu to the mountains."

They then partook of the refreshment of some *fiquaa* * and dried fruits; and being informed by a slave that the camels had received their load, and were waiting with their horses at the gate, "My son," said Almorad, "there remaineth not aught which should detain us. Let us not, therefore, delay our departure."

Calaf obeyed the voice of his father; and having mounted their horses, they were soon out of sight of the cottage.

* A beverage composed of barley, raisins, and water.

CHAPTER III

ALMORAD and his son had not proceeded far on their journey before the moon shone on them with unusual splendour, and the lofty vault of heaven was spangled with stars. A calm silence reigned around them, which the feet of their camels and horses alone interrupted. The travellers had not spoken for some time; the thoughts of the youthful Calaf wandered after the fair vision of the valley, and those of Almorad were employed in contemplating the new prospects which were opening before them: at length, he
broke

broke silence, and addressing himself to Calaf, spoke as follows :

“ We are going, my son, to launch
“ the vessel on which our hopes de-
“ pend, on a fluctuating ocean. We
“ resemble a merchant, who ventures
“ out to sea with his whole possessions :
“ at his departure, the weather is mild,
“ the sky serene ; not a wave threatens
“ opposition to his wishes : but how
“ frail are the designs of mortals !
“ Behold him almost arrived at the
“ wished-for port, when, lo ! a black
“ tempest arises, the ship is dashed
“ against a rock, and all his hopes pe-
“ rish. May, however, our prospects,
“ as they are bright at present, prove
“ fortunate in the end ! But, alas !
“ how

“ how uncertain is the favour of
 “ princes ! on how weak a basis does
 “ he build who erects the structure of
 “ expectation on the smiles of man !
 “ I speak not from the rigid caution of
 “ age ; my words are not dictated by a
 “ cold suspicion, but my voice is the
 “ voice of experience, and my coun-
 “ sel the effect of knowledge. I have
 “ lived many years in the world ; I
 “ have seen sudden changes in the pro-
 “ sperity of men. Should our sove-
 “ reign behold us with an unfavourable
 “ eye, we will return to the mountains,
 “ where we have spent our days in
 “ tranquillity : the cottage shall be our
 “ refuge from the malice of the world ;
 “ and the remainder of our lives shall
 “ be

“be devoted to the service of our Prophet.”

“But, my father,” interrupted Calaf,
“why need we fear the malice of any
“enemy, if our mighty monarch
“should deign to honour us with his
“regard? What foe would be so
“hardy as to oppose us?”

“Ah, Calaf!” replied Almorad,
“how little is thy guileless heart ac-
“quainted with the intricate mazes of
“the labyrinth we are going to tread!
“How little knowest thou of the sub-
“tlety of the world! It is not an
“open and undisguised enemy; it is
“not an honest and fearless foe which
“is to be dreaded; it is the man who
“car-

“ carries friendship in his eyes and ha-
 “ tred in his heart: it is the flatterer,
 “ who smileth on him whose ruin he
 “ intends. Even as the asp which
 “ pleaseth while it wounds, so is the
 “ deceitful man, who allureth his vic-
 “ tim with kind words. Such as these
 “ shouldst thou avoid: but, alas! how
 “ difficult is it for the eye of youth to
 “ discover the adder which lieth hid
 “ among the roses!”

“ Ah, virtuous Almorad!” cried Ca-
 las, “ long mayest thou continue to di-
 “ rect the footsteps of thy son, and
 “ show him the road to happiness. But
 “ how shall the inexperienced Calaf
 “ avoid the dangers of which thy care
 “ has warned him?”

“ My

"My son," replied Almorad, "be
 "wary in whom thou puttest thy trust:
 "try every man before thou givest
 "him thy friendship, and let not a
 "specious countenance beguile thee of
 "thy confidence: for know, O Ca-
 "laf! such was the fatal credulity,
 "whence every misfortune which has
 "attended the life of thy father has de-
 "rived its birth."

The morning now began to dawn;
 the birds sang among the trees; and
 the sun, shining in full beauty, disco-
 vered to our travellers the white waves
 of the Caspian sea. They were now
 near the town of Scamachi*, which

* The capital of the province of Schirvan.

they did not reach ere they were met by a small party of rabdars *, the chief of whom, alighting from his horse, saluted Almorad with profound respect, and thus addressed him :

“ My lord! deign to inform us, if
 “ thou art not the sage Almorad, whom
 “ our mighty monarch, the sovereign
 “ of the world, hath commanded us
 “ to seek ?”

“ If,” answered Almorad, “ ye are
 “ the messengers of the mighty Huf-
 “ fein, I am he whom ye are com-
 “ manded to meet. But what proof
 “ have ye that ye bear the orders of
 “ the sultan ?”

* Guards of the road.

“ My

“My lord!” returned the rabdar,
drawing a packet from his bosom,
“behold the royal signet! The prince
“of the East sent us to hasten thy de-
“parture; and we should have pro-
“ceeded to thy abode in the moun-
“tains, had not thy appearance pre-
“vented us.”

Almorad pressed the signet to his
forehead; and the rabdar, remounting
his horse, informed him he was or-
dered to conduct him in safety to Ispa-
han.

They proceeded on their journey;
and no sooner had they entered the
town of Scamachi, than the daroga*,

* Governor of the town.

who had notice of their approach, sent his vacanavish* to invite them to sojourn in his palace. The vacanavish conducted the travellers and their attendants to the house of the daroga, who received them with great respect. That governor was one of those false Mussulmen who seek only for the applause of men, and by whom the frail vanities of this world are more regarded than all those eternal rewards which are promised to the virtuous: he had several enemies at court, who ceased not their endeavours to remove him from the favour of his sovereign; and the daroga feared lest in the end their efforts might prove successful. He

* Secretary, and next in rank to the daroga.

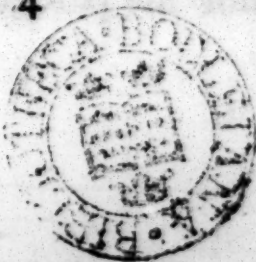
was more cowardly than the trembling hind, more arbitrary than the mighty monarch who had raised him; his heart was harder than adamant to the cries of distress, but his words flowed smoother than oil in the ears of the prosperous. As Almorad was going to court, he endeavoured to win his friendship, in hopes that, should his enemies prevail, he would intercede for him with the Shah. The youthful mind of Calaf was charmed with his hospitality; but the grave and experienced Almorad was not to be deceived: the mask of hypocrisy was too slight for the piercing eyes of the sage, who discovered the frightful visage of depravity beneath the thin tissue which shaded it.

“ Ah, my lord !” said the governor,
 addressing himself to Almorad, “ how
 “ happy ! how enviable art thou in the
 “ possession of such a son, to be the
 “ solace of thy declining years ! I
 “ had once,” added he, with a sigh, “ a
 “ son, who was beautiful as the open-
 “ ing rose : his eye was piercing as the
 “ eagle’s ; his courage fiercer than the
 “ lion’s : but it pleased the Most High
 “ to take him from me in the bloom of
 “ youth, and he now sleeps quietly in
 “ the sepulchre of his forefathers. I
 “ vainly struggle to drive his image
 “ from my mind, and arraign incess-
 “ santly the cruelty of my fate.”

“ My lord !” replied the sage, “ it
 “ is not the part of Almorad to blame
 “ thy

" thy grief, when in full possession of
 " that happiness for which thou pinest.
 " I am old, and have known many
 " sorrows; I have supported them with
 " fortitude; I have bowed myself with
 " humility: yet should it be the will
 " of Omnipotence to take from me the
 " staff, the pillar of my trembling
 " age, I trust I should not sink be-
 " neath the weight of misfortune, or
 " impiously murmur at the decrees of
 " Providence."

" Happeneth there aught, O daroga!
 " beyond the note of an all-seeing
 " Wisdom? The acorn droppeth not
 " from the oak without the will of
 " Heaven! Thinkest thou, then, that
 " the



“ the sorrows of mortals lie unre-
 “ garded?”

“ Ah!” cried the daroga, “ thy
 “ words are a healing balsam to the
 “ cankered wounds of affliction: the
 “ counsel of the sage is sweeter than
 “ honey; and the words of wisdom
 “ more precious than balm. But,
 “ alas! the wickedness of man de-
 “ serveth the chastisement of Heaven!
 “ and behold, I, even I, have wrought
 “ the works of darkness, and done
 “ those things of which I now repent.
 “ O Allah! may my tears come before
 “ thee! But, alas! how little will they
 “ avail, against the heavy curses of
 “ those whom I have wronged!”

“ Ah!”

" Ah!" said the good Almerad,
 much moved with the despair in which
 the daroga was plunged; " amongst
 " the myriads of created beings who
 " inhabit the universe, how few of them
 " are perfect! I have told thee, O da-
 " roga! that the life of Almerad has
 " been deeply marked with the fable
 " tinges of woe. Know, then, O thou
 " Judge of the Mussulmen! that all
 " the troubles which have attended me
 " are the fruit of one impious and im-
 " prudent action. Who, then, shall
 " dare to repine at the justice of Hea-
 " ven?"

" Ah, virtuous sage!" replied the
 daroga, " if the wounds of which thou
 " complainest will not bleed afresh at

“ the recital, oblige me with the his-
 “ tory of the years of thy life.”

“ My lord,” answered Almorad,
 “ thou shalt be obeyed. I have been
 “ used to contemplate the scene of my
 “ past afflictions; I reflect on them
 “ with calmness, with resignation, and
 “ can even thank them for the experi-
 “ ence which they have taught me.
 “ Hear then, my lord,

THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE
 OF
ALMORAD THE SON OF HASEPH.

“ Thy servant was born in the capi-
 “ tal city of Persia, and owed his birth
 “ to Haseph, an omrah of the court,
 “ in the reign of the father of the
 “ mighty

" mighty monarch who now sways
 " the empire. I was left an orphan at
 " an early age; I was taken into the
 " royal palace, and the beneficence of
 " the Shah amply supplied to me the
 " protection which I wanted. I was
 " placed under the care of a learned
 " chec*, who instructed me in the
 " sublime worship of Mahomet, and
 " explained to me the founna† of that
 " great prophet. All the learning of
 " the East was laid open before me:
 " in short, had Almorad been a prince
 " of the royal blood, his education
 " could not have been more cultivated.
 " But the years of infancy are doubtless

* Dervise, or doctor.

† The accidental sayings of the Prophet, which are still preserved.

“ uninteresting; suffer, then, thy ser-
 “ vant to pass them over in silence.

“ The generosity of the Shah, like a
 “ fruitful stream, which causeth the
 “ valley to flourish, and crowneth the
 “ mountains with verdure, was still
 “ unwearied; it flowed like a torrent
 “ on the unworthy head of Almorad.
 “ He bestowed on me a magnificent
 “ house, and I was attended by slaves
 “ from all quarters of the globe: the
 “ beauties of Georgia and Circassia
 “ waited at my nod; the most pre-
 “ cious perfumes of Arabia scented my
 “ apartments; the richest diamonds of
 “ Golconda sparkled on my turban;
 “ my tunic shone with the costly gems
 “ of India; and the fleetest coursers in
 “ the

" the world waited the commands of
 " Almorad. The king, whose bounty
 " was exhaustless, in a short time be-
 " stowed on me the post of alcmdar*.
 " The ambitious son of Haseph was
 " always near his person : in all affairs
 " of consequence, the great successor
 " of the Imams† deigned to consult his
 " slave. And yet, O daroga ! perfect
 " happiness was not the lot of Almo-
 " rad : his mind was weakened by
 " pleasure, his body enervated by lux-
 " ury ! If the Shah, like the sun, dis-
 " fusing gladness over the world, con-
 " descended to refresh his people with

* Great standard-bearer.

† Successor of the Imams is one of the titles as-
 sumed by the Persian monarchs.

“ the genial influence of his smiles,
 “ how jealous was the son of Haseph
 “ of those on whom they fell ! So
 “ true it is, that the covetous and ambi-
 “ tious are never at the summit of their
 “ desires. Envied by, and envying
 “ every one, I pined in the midst of
 “ splendour : if the smallest gloom over-
 “ spread the radiant countenance of
 “ the monarch, Almorad trembled with
 “ fear ; yet, unworthy as I was, I was
 “ still loaded with favours. In this
 “ manner did the son of Haseph pass
 “ the first twenty years of his life. One
 “ day, as I was reclining in my garden,
 “ sheltered from the heat of noon, be-
 “ neath the cool shade of a lofty syca-
 “ more, Nahor, the friend of my
 “ soul, the man who partook of all
 “ my

" my good fortune, came hastily to me.
 " ' Arise, Almorad,' said he; ' awake
 " from thy slumber, and follow me to
 " the presence of the king.'—Pardon
 " me, my lord, that I have not before
 " mentioned the friend of whom I
 " now speak. Yet know that sixteen
 " years of solitude have not been suf-
 " ficient to erase from my mind the
 " deep resentment which his treachery
 " has implanted in my breast. But I
 " will proceed; and the conclusion of
 " my history will inform thee of the
 " cause of my emotion. I rose imme-
 " diately, and proceeded to the pa-
 " lace, where I was most graciously
 " received by the mighty Ibrahim, who
 " was seated in the midst of his
 " beys,

"beys*, on a throne of gold and
 "ivory.—' Draw near, thou son of
 "my servant Haseph,' said the mo-
 "narch, with an air of condescension,
 "and give ear to the happiness which
 "awaits thee. Too long hast thou de-
 "layed to turn thy thoughts to mar-
 "riage. Thy sovereign has taken up-
 "on himself the care which thou hast
 "neglected, and has procured for thee
 "a lady, the lustre of whose eyes
 "would outshine the brightest dia-
 "mond in his crown. Know then,
 "Almorad, 'tis the beautiful Azilé,
 "the daughter of Monaschar, the
 "cheik islam†, who is willing to

* Nobles. † Ancient of the law.

"crown"

“ crown with joy the heart of the son
 “ of Haseph.”

“ Overwhelmed with gratitude, I
 “ threw myself at his feet, crying out,
 “ in a transport—‘ O king! who art
 “ the happiness of thy people, mayest
 “ thou live for ever! May thy glory
 “ eclipse the brightness of the sun!
 “ May prosperity shine around thy
 “ throne! Yet, who is Almorad, that
 “ he should be thus favoured by the
 “ most mighty king in the world? or
 “ how has the son of Haseph deserved
 “ the smile of his monarch? O sha-
 “ dow of the Most High! lieutenant
 “ of the great Prophet! deign to ac-
 “ cept the acknowledgments of the un-
 “ worthiest of thy slaves.”

“ ‘ Rise,

“ ‘ Rise, Almorad,’ said the royal
 “ Ibrahim; ‘ I accept thy gratitude.
 “ The blessing of his subjects is the
 “ most pleasing incense to the heart of
 “ a generous king. Thou mayest re-
 “ tire, and shalt not wait long for the
 “ happiness I have promised thee.’

“ I departed from the presence of the
 “ monarch, and returned to my house,
 “ whence I made haste to send the
 “ daughter of the seid * a girdle of
 “ the richest jewels, and two lovely
 “ female slaves. In short, O daroga!
 “ the sun had not thrice run his daily
 “ course, ere I became blessed in the
 “ possession of the most beautiful crea-

* A title given to a descendant of the family of
 Mahomet.

"ture in the world. — O Azilé! —
"Azilé! wife of my soul! why wert
"thou torn from me?"

"Sage," said the daroga, "a sudden
"pain shoots through my head, and
"my heart fainteth within me. Break
"off, therefore, I pray thee, for a
"moment."

CHAPTER IV.

ALMORAD and Calaf were grieved to observe the paleness which overspread the countenance of the judge; his lips trembled, he stared wildly on his guests, and left the room in disorder: they did not wait long, however, for his return; he soon appeared—but, alas! the colour had forsaken his cheek, and, in spite of his efforts to seem composed, an universal tremor pervaded his frame.

“Virtuous Almorad,” said he, “be
 “not alarmed: I am old, and oppressed
 “by infirmities; but thou seest health
 “is returned to me.” Then, taking
 each

each of them by the hand, he led them to another apartment, where an entertainment was prepared for them, composed of the most delicate viands: dates and pomegranates of the province of Chorassan* were set before them; and they drank of sherbet which sparkled in crystal goblets: the chamber was refreshed by a little fountain of the clearest water, round which hung gilded baskets, full of the most odoriferous flowers; besides which, the most delicious balms and perfumes of Arabia, burning in tripods of silver, contributed to delight the senses of the daroga and his friends.

In spite of the pomp and splendour which reigned around him, the governor

* A province to the north-east of Persia.

seemed

seemed constrained and uneasy : when he addressed himself to Almorad, it was with perturbation ; and a kind of terror was discernible on his brow. When dinner was ended, he made a sign to a slave, who went out ; and presently there entered several beautiful female slaves, playing on the lute, some dancing, and others singing in a most exquisite manner. When they had entertained the travellers with their different performances, on a look from the daroga, they retired ; and the impatient Calaf seized the opportunity of entreating his father to resume the recital of his adventures.

“ My son,” replied the sage, “ my
 “ lord the daroga is already much fa-
 “ tigated

“tigated by them ; I will take, there-
“ fore, some other time to recount to
“ thee the remainder of the life of thy
“ father.”

The governor then faintly joined his
entreaties to those of Calaf ; and Al-
morad, at length complying, resumed
his narration :

“ For some years after my marriage
“ with my dear Azilé, my life was one
“ continued scene of delight ! My am-
“ bition, my vanity, forsook me ; I
“ studied only how to please the object
“ of my love. Her beauty could not
“ be exceeded by the daughters of Para-
“ dise : her dark blue eyes shone with
“ a lustre which could not fail of daz-
“ zling

“ zling the beholder: her cheek was
 “ blooming and downy as the peach:
 “ her lips resembled a divided cherry;
 “ and her hair flowed in golden ring-
 “ lets on a neck of the most polished
 “ ivory. Thus lovely, thus captivating;
 “ had nature formed my Azilé! Could
 “ Almorad do less than adore her? No;
 “ his whole soul was hers. If perfect
 “ happiness was ever experienced by
 “ the frail sons of Adam, it has been
 “ the lot of Almorad. Thus did ten
 “ years of my life glide away in one
 “ dream of uninterrupted felicity, sha-
 “ ring, with my beloved Azilé, and
 “ the friend of my heart, those favours
 “ which my sovereign lavished upon me.
 “ But, alas! we are only raised to
 “ the height of earthly happiness, to
 “ make

“ make us fall the lower ! And thus it
 “ was with the son of Haseph. Intoxi-
 “ cated with pleasure, I thought not of
 “ the future, nor ever conceived the pos-
 “ sibility of a reverse of fortune. One
 “ day, as I was attending the royal
 “ Ibrahim, who was hunting with se-
 “ veral beys and omrahs of the court,
 “ after having fatigued ourselves much
 “ with the chase, the king, on a sud-
 “ den, ordered his attendants to retire
 “ into a neighbouring wood, and there
 “ wait his summons. Me alone he
 “ commanded to stay ; and, when they
 “ were all gone, he spoke to me to this
 “ effect :

“ Thou knowest, Almorad, I have
 “ heaped favours upon thee with an un-
 “ sparing

" sparing hand : though an orphan,
 " and destitute of a father's care, I have
 " never suffered thee to feel the drear
 " winter of adversity. I loved the om-
 " rah Haseph : he was the adviser of my
 " youth, the conductor of all my
 " actions. Alas ! how much, at this
 " moment, does Ibrahim need a sincere
 " and faithful counsellor !"

" ' Great monarch, and benefactor of
 " my youth,' cried I, ' live for ever !
 " May yon radiant orb cease to shine on
 " the base slave who shall dare to pro-
 " nounce the words of treachery to the
 " lieutenant of the Prophet.'

" ' Give ear then, O Almorad !' said
 " Ibrahim, ' to the voice of thy sove-
 " reign.

reign. It has pleased the Most High
 to bless me with a son, who will be
 an ornament to my throne, and a
 comfort to my subjects, when the
 angel of death shall have taken me
 from them; and I trust the gracious
 Allah will one day make him the
 glory of the Persians. Dost thou not
 think, Almorad! that the sultan
 Hussein will one day satisfy the
 wishes of his father?
 Great monarch! replied the son
 of Haseph, I doubt it not.

Hear me then, Almorad! said
 the royal Ibrahim: thou knowest I
 have yet another son, the young
 Nouredin; even now his little breast
 swells

“ swells with mighty thoughts of great-
 “ ness; courage sparkles in his infant
 “ eyes; and I fear, O Almorad! he
 “ may prove a dangerous rival before
 “ the steps of his brother. Know then,
 “ son of Haseph! I would take from him
 “ those eyes which express but too
 “ plainly the unruly ardour of his mind;
 “ for this alone can prevent his becom-
 “ ing an obstacle to the greatness of
 “ Husein; and, I swear by our holy
 “ Prophet, the mirza* Nouredin shall
 “ never succeed his father on the throne
 “ of Persia. Speak then, Almorad!
 “ and tell me what thou thinkest.’

“ ‘ Great king of the Mussulmen,’
 “ cried I, thunder-struck at his words,

* The title of a prince of the blood.

“ ‘suffer not the meanest of thy slaves
“to be the counsellor of his prince.’ ”

“ ‘Speak, I command thee,’ said the
“Shah, with an angry air; ‘and dare
“not to conceal from Ibrahim the in-
“most thoughts of thy soul.’ ”

“ ‘Lieutenant of the mighty Pro-
“phet!’ replied I, trembling with fear,
“ ‘deign to pardon the boldness of thy
“servant. Almorad shall answer thee
“according to the dictates of his heart.

“The mirza Nouredin is yet but an
“infant: his youthful breast cannot
“have felt the goading spur of am-
“bition. Deign then, mighty king!
“to let him live in the quiet possession
“of the frail blessings of life: send

“ him to some distant province, where
 “ he may never hear the empty sounds
 “ of glory ; or keep him for ever in the
 “ seraglio, where he may enjoy all the
 “ pleasures of a soft and effeminate life,
 “ and drown in ease and luxury those
 “ presumptuous thoughts which fill thy
 “ royal mind with trouble and per-
 “ plexity. Do not, therefore, O gra-
 “ cious prince ! deprive thy son, the
 “ young Nouredin, of the light of
 “ heaven ! a blessing enjoyed by the
 “ poorest peasant in thy dominions.”

“ Almorad !” said the king, “ thy
 “ words are the words of foolishness,
 “ and thy counsels the effect of inexpe-
 “ rience. Know that at the birth of
 “ Hussein, his mother, the sultana Zo-
 “ rayde,

" rayde, demanded of a Chaldean astro-
 " loger the future fortune of his life.
 " That sage, after consulting the horo-
 " scope of his destiny, declared that he
 " should enjoy a long and prosperous
 " reign over the Persian empire, if I
 " had no other son to dispute the suc-
 " cession. Nouredin is that son; and
 " 'tis his death alone which can ensure
 " the tranquillity of Houssein."

" " Gracious Ibrahim!" cried I, throw-
 " ing myself at his feet, " imbrue not
 " thy royal hands in the blood of thy
 " son. Remember it was thou, even
 " thou, who gavest him his being.
 " May the gracious Allah incline thine
 " heart to pity! May he take from thee
 " the

“the cruel purpose which is lurking in
 “thy soul!”

“Wretch!” said the sultan, whose
 “brow was darkened by rage, “is it
 “thus that thou rebellest against the
 “wishes of thy sovereign? Knowest
 “thou not, ungrateful slave! that the
 “desires of Ibrahim are irrevocable
 “laws? What then shall become of
 “that miscreant who shall dare to ques-
 “tion them even in his most secret
 “thoughts?”

“Terried at the wrath of the king,
 “my spirits forsook me. Even as the
 “wretched traveller, transfixed by a
 “blast of sulphureous wind, as he tra-
 “verfles Arabia’s burning sands; so stood

“Almorad,

" Almerad, pierced by the lightning
 " which darted from the enraged visage
 " of the angry Ibrahim.

" The monarch, seeing me amazed
 " and stupified by his words, resumed as
 " follows :

" " Though thou meritest the venge-
 " ance of thy sovereign, yet the love I
 " bore thy father, who was a faithful
 " counsellor, an omrah in whom I
 " trusted, shall intercede in thy behalf ;
 " and, for his sake, I will pardon the
 " offences of Almerad. Thou art young ;
 " and the splendour to which I have ex-
 " alted thee has, doubtless, dazzled
 " thine eyes. Alas ! how careful should
 " be the monarchs of the world on

"whom they condescend to lavish their
 "favour!"

"Unable to answer, I flung myself at
 "the feet of Ibrahim; who, raising me
 "from the ground, ordered me to re-
 "mount my horse: then, rejoining his
 "attendants, he returned immediately
 "to the palace.

"I retired, overcome with confu-
 "sion, to my own house, where I was
 "met by my friend, who, beholding me
 "pale and disordered, exclaimed, 'Gra-
 "cious Allah! what dire misfortune
 "has befallen Almorad! Speak, O son
 "of Haseph! Repose in the bosom of
 "thy faithful Nahor the sorrows of thy
 "soul."

" " Wretch

“ ‘ Wretch that I am ! ’ cried I, ‘ I
 “ have lost that favour which has pro-
 “ tected and followed me since the
 “ days of my infancy. Yes, Nahor !
 “ thy friend is utterly undone ! ”

“ ‘ Alas ! ’ cried he, ‘ imprudent Al-
 “ morad ! how hast thou destroyed thy-
 “ self ? how hast thou forfeited that
 “ jewel which was bequeathed to thee
 “ by thy father ; that inestimable gem
 “ with which thou hast hitherto been
 “ crowned ? ”

“ ‘ Ah ! ’ exclaimed I, ‘ reproach not
 “ the unfortunate. It is true, Almorad,
 “ has been rash ; but our Prophet, who
 “ looketh into the souls of men, know,

“eth he hath not swerved from the paths
“of virtue.”

“I passed the remainder of the day
“in meditating on the cruel reverse of
“fortune, which I expected would be
“the consequence of my temerity. I
“spent the night in weeping and la-
“menting, expecting soon to receive
“my death from the cord of the exe-
“cutioner.”

“I rose early in the morning, but
“was not yet dressed, when the king’s
“chamberlain * came to my house, and
“ordered me to repair to the palace.
“Overwhelmed with apprehension, I
“hastened thither immediately, but

* Messenger.

guess

"gave my surprise, O daroga! when
 "the monarch received me with a gra-
 "cious smile, and treated me with his
 "usual condescension. In short, the
 "presumptuous son of Haseph believed
 "himself once more reinstated in the
 "love of his sovereign. Yet, in spite of
 "the joy I felt at a reception so benign-
 "nant and un hoped for, I still had an
 "anxious desire to be informed of the
 "fate of the infant mirza. 'Alas!' said
 "I to myself, 'perhaps he is even now
 "struggling in the agonies of death:
 "perhaps the hand of violence is now
 "tearing his tender frame.'

"Overcome with emotions of horror,
 "I soon quitted the palace. I will not
 "recount to thee the uninteresting
 "events,

"events, which marked the three years
 "which succeeded those, the narrative
 "of which I have already given thee."

"But," said Calaf, with a look of
 anxiety, "satisfy us at least of the fate
 "of the young Nouredin. Surely he
 "did not fall a victim to the cruel jea-
 "lousy of Ibrahim?"

"My son!" answered Almorad, gaz-
 ing on him with a look of tenderness,
 "he was soon released from the troubles
 "and misfortunes which attend the lives
 "even of the happiest of the great.
 "But interrupt me not. In the course
 "of those three years, O daroga!
 "Azilé blessed me with a son, and I
 "was raised to the highest summit of
 "my

“ my desires : when one fatal evening
 “ —Alas ! how can I call to mind that
 “ scene of folly and imprudence, with-
 “ out feeling a regret, which time can
 “ never erase ?

“ My friend Nahor, whom I loved,
 “ was with me : our hearts were full of
 “ gaiety ; we were already intoxicated
 “ with prosperity. It was then, for the
 “ first time, that I drank large draughts
 “ of that liquor which our Prophet has
 “ forbidden to his faithful Mussulmen.
 “ It was then, that, in the heat of wine,
 “ I profaned the names of the holy
 “ Imams*. In the midst of the con-
 “ fusion caused by this poisoner of the

* The twelve immediate successors of Mahomet.

“ mind,

“mind, Nahor turned his discourse to
 “the beauty of women.

“At this moment,” cried he, “the
 “haram of the blessed, the fortunate
 “friend of Almorad, contains the most
 “lovely creature in the world. She is
 “a Georgian. I know thou boastest
 “much of the beauty of thy wife: but
 “even as the stars of heaven, which
 “fade and vanish before the lustre of
 “the sun; so would the eyes of Azilé
 “appear dull before the transparent orbs
 “which irradiate the countenance of
 “Zenora.”

“Enraged at the comparison, I answer-
 “ed him with heat; and our contest grew
 “at length so high, that I imprudently

“resolved Azilé should appear before
 “him, and give force to the argu-
 “ments I had ineffectually used.

“‘Foolish boaster!’ said I, ‘thou
 “shalt soon be made sensible of the
 “vanity of thy exultation.’

“Then calling Morasdyn, the chief
 “of my eunuchs, I ordered him to bring
 “Azilé, arrayed in her richest robes,
 “into my presence. My commands
 “were instantly obeyed, and Azilé
 “entered the room. Nahor seemed
 “fascinated by the beautiful symmetry
 “of her person. She wore a caftan
 “of green tiffue, embroidered with
 “gold and jewels, fastened only by a

* A woman's gown.

“nar-

“ narrow diamond belt : her shining
 “ tresses hung in natural ringlets, under
 “ a turban of Caramanian * purple :
 “ but when, at my desire, she drew aside
 “ her veil, and discovered the dazzling
 “ loveliness of her face, he fell at her
 “ feet in rapture. ‘ Ah ! ’ cried he,
 “ ‘ celestial beauty ! thou who inhabitest
 “ those happy plains watered by the
 “ waves of the refreshing Causer†,
 “ how kind art thou, to give the sons
 “ of men an earnest of their future
 “ felicity ! ”

* The wool of which the most beautiful turbans
 are made, comes from the province of Caramania,
 or Kerman.

† The river of delight ; supposed by Mussulmen
 to water the plains of Paradise.

“ ‘ Arise,

“ ‘ Arise, my lord ! ’ said she, with an
 “ enchanting smile ; ‘ I am no houri.
 “ It is to the brightness of my lord’s
 “ imagination I owe those charms, of
 “ which he believes me possessed.’

“ ‘ Own,’ cried I, ‘ own, rash Nahor !
 “ that the beauties of thy incomparable
 “ Zenora must yield to those of my be-
 “ loved Azilé.’

“ Nahor answered not. He stood
 “ stupified, and gazing on the face of
 “ Azilé. I saw his admiration with de-
 “ light. Alas ! I thought not of the
 “ fatal consequences which ensued.
 “ The blush of timidity overspread the
 “ countenance of my wife ; and shrink-
 “ ing from the ardent gaze of Nahor,
 “ she entreated my permission to retire.

CHAP.

CHAPTER V.

"WHEN Azilé had left the apart-
 "ment, I beheld with astonishment the
 "lethargy into which my friend was
 "fallen. At length, making an effort
 "to recover himself, 'I perceive,' said
 "he, 'that the fumes of intoxication
 "have already thrown a cloud over my
 "senses. Let us then retire for the
 "present. To-morrow thou shalt come
 "to my house: thou shalt see Zenora,
 "and judge if I have spoken of her
 "too favourably.' Then, after I had
 "promised to comply with his request,
 "we separated for the night. Early

" the next morning I went, as was my
 " custom, to attend the commands of
 " the royal Ibrahim. But who can con-
 " ceive the consternation into which I
 " was plunged, on beholding the coun-
 " tenance of my sovereign overcast with
 " frowns ?"

" " Son of Haseph !" cried he, " I
 " would speak to thee. What punish-
 " ment does the man deserve, who im-
 " piously tramples on the laws of his
 " religion and country ?"

" Confounded at the look of displea-
 " sure which accompanied these words,
 " I turned pale, and hesitated.

" " Lo!"

"Lo!" cried the king, addressing
 "himself to the vizir, with a smile ex-
 "pressive of the utmost indignation;
 "behold the man who turneth not aside
 "from the rigid dictates of virtue! his
 "eye retains the conscious firmness of
 "rectitude, and his cheek the manly
 "glow of courage." Then casting on
 "me a look full of rage, "Wretch!"
 "cried he, "how hast thou the pre-
 "sumption to appear in the presence of
 "an offended sovereign?"

"Trembling and affrighted, I made
 "an effort to reply, but was interrupted
 "by the king—

"'Peace, miscreant!' said he, 'nor
 "dare to insult the monarch who has
 "too

“ too long been deceived by thy hypo-
 “ crisy. Begone for ever from my
 “ sight : yet, ere thou departest, hear
 “ the sentence which the mercy, rather
 “ than the justice, of thy sultan has
 “ passed upon thy crimes.

“ The vizir then read aloud an or-
 “ der, by which I was prohibited ap-
 “ pearing within three days journey
 “ from Ispahan, on forfeiture of my
 “ head.

“ Distracted with grief, I flung my-
 “ self prostrate at the feet of Ibrahim.
 “ But vain were all my prayers and en-
 “ treaties to be heard; and I retired
 “ from the palace overwhelmed with
 “ shame and despair. I bent my mourn-
 “ ful

“ full steps towards the house which had
 “ so lately been the scene of perfect
 “ happiness; and where I soon hoped
 “ to find a soothing consolation, in
 “ sharing my sorrows with the beloved
 “ mistress of my soul. But, alas! the
 “ language of man cannot describe to
 “ thee the rage, the disappointment,
 “ with which I was seized, on beholding
 “ my house, the abode of luxury and
 “ delight, extended in ruins on the
 “ ground. In vain did I call upon
 “ Azilé. In vain did I pierce the air
 “ with my complaints. My wife, alas!
 “ heard me not:—she was removed far
 “ from the voice of Almorad’s anguish.
 “ At length, fainting with grief, and
 “ unable any longer to bear the misfor-
 “ tunes which united to oppress me, I
 “ left

"left the miserable ruins of my
 "once stately palace:" thence I wan-
 "dered into the fields, and throwing
 "myself on the grass, would gladly
 "have relinquished an existence which
 "which was grown insupportable. I
 "had now time to reflect on the fatal
 "cause of that terrible reverse," which,
 "in a few short moments, had reduced
 "me from the height of prosperity to
 "the lowest abyfs of misery and despair.
 "The debauch in which Nahor and
 "myself had been engaged the pre-
 "ceding night, instantly recurred to
 "me. But far from suspecting that
 "treacherous friend of having betrayed
 "me, I supposed him equally unfor-
 "tunate with myself. This reflection
 "redoubled my sorrow. 'Ah!' cried
 VOL. II. F "I,

" I, in an agony, ' wretch that thou art!
 " is it not sufficient to bring destruction
 " on thyself? Perhaps the faithful Na-
 " hor is even now sinking beneath the
 " ruin, in which the example of a guilty
 " friend has involved him. With my
 " soul torn by the most afflicting emo-
 " tions, I passed a night full of horror.
 " At length the bright dawn of morn-
 " ing shone upon the despairing Almo-
 " rad. But, alas! that dawn, which
 " used to bring with it new delights,
 " was now insupportable. ' Ah!' cried I,
 " ' how ill does the sweet chanting of
 " these feathered warblers accord with
 " my misfortunes! their little bosoms
 " feel nothing but joy at the returning
 " radiance of day: they know no
 " grief; they are insensible to the
 " voice of despair.' At this moment a
 " gleam

"gleam of pleasure shot across my
 "soul, on beholding, at a little dis-
 "ance, Imalchar, the most faithful of
 "my slaves, advancing towards me, with
 "my son, the little Calaf, in his arms.
 "Hast thou not seen the snowy crowned
 "top of the venerable Taurus, his stern
 "visage frowning defiance on the pro-
 "strate plain; when on a sudden, feel-
 "ing the kind influence of the sun, it
 "relents, and melts in soft dews upon
 "the inhabitants of the valley? Even
 "so did the rage and despair of Alma-
 "rad dissolve into tears of tenderness,
 "on once more beholding a son, whom
 "he believed lost for ever. The good
 "Imalchar wept bitterly, and we stood
 "for some time gazing on each other in
 "speechless sorrow. At length Imal-
 "char broke silence, and thus addressed

" me : ' Fly, my lord, fly this accursed
 " city ! Seek safety and repose in some
 " distant province, far from the vicissi-
 " tudes of courts, from the treachery
 " of mankind, where ruin and death
 " lurk in the path of incautious pro-
 " sperity.'

" " Alas !' cried I, ' whither shall I flee ?
 " whither shall I escape from the out-
 " rages of the world ? But tell me, Imal-
 " char, where is my Azilé ? where is my
 " wife ? why did she not accompany
 " thee ? With her I could traverse the
 " sandy desert ; with her I could wan-
 " der through the dreary wilderness,
 " and with her I could yet live happy.'
 " With a look of anxiety, I waited the
 " answer of Imalchar. ' My lord !' an-
 " swered that faithful slave, ' Almorad,

" the

"the son of the wise, the virtuous
 "Haseph, must now summon his ut-
 "most fortitude:—for know that Azilé,
 "the lovely, the amiable Azilé is no
 "more.' My heart was already sub-
 "dued by anguish. I wanted not this
 "blow. I fell breathless on the ground.

"Imalchar believed Azräel, behold-
 "ing me with an eye of pity, had
 "given me a final release from my sor-
 "rows. But, alas! I was reserved to feel
 "the full violence of my fate. On re-
 "covering, I beheld my little Calaf weep-
 "ing and lamenting the supposed death
 "of his father. 'No, my son!' cried I,
 "'I will not die:—for thy sake I will
 "live, and stem the torrent which would
 "otherwise overwhelm me. But pro-

“ceed, Imalchar! and inform me quickly
“of the fate of my beloved Azilé.
“‘My lord,’ answered he, ‘no sooner
“hadst thou yesterday departed from
“thy house, than it was surrounded by
“a party of the Shah’s guards, headed
“by that treacherous monster Nahor.
“It was vain for us to resist. We durst
“not disobey the orders of the sultan.
“The wicked Nahor commanded Mor-
“rasedyn to lead him to the apartment
“of the charming Azilé. He described
“to her his passion, and declared it
“was for her sake alone that he had
“betrayed Almorad.

“‘Hast thou betrayed him?’ said
“the fair Azilé, her bright eyes glowing
“with indignation. ‘Begone then,
“wretch!

"wretch! the tremendous basilisk could
 "not be more hateful to the sight of
 "Azilé, than the betrayer of her hus-
 "band, her dear Almorad. No; I will
 "fly to him, I will share his fortunes,
 "and he shall find a comforter in his
 "faithful Azilé."

" ' Lovely sultana ! ' said the base,
 "the deceitful Nahor, ' moderate thy
 "resentment, and have pity on a wretch
 "who adores thee. Almorad is no
 "longer an inhabitant of this world;
 "no more shall he be sensible of the
 "heavenly graces of Azilé. I will be
 "thy husband—a husband more kind,
 "more tender, than him whom thou
 "lamentest.'—' Ah ! ' said she with a
 "look of despair, ' is he then dead?

" No, my Almorad! even death shall
 " not fright me—I will share it with
 " thee.' Then seizing a little dagger*,
 " which lay concealed in the folds of
 " her sash, she plunged it in her breast,
 " before Nahor could wrest from her
 " hand the fatal instrument of destruc-
 " tion. Astonished and confounded, he
 " stood gazing on the lovely form,
 " which had fallen breathless on the
 " couch.

" 'Alas!' said he, 'how are my pur-
 " poses defeated! I have ruined my
 " friend; I have murdered her whom
 " I adored; and I have given a
 " wound to my own conscience, which

* This instrument forms always a part of the
 dress of a Persian lady.

" never

" never can be healed.' By this time the
 " guards had begun to raze the house.
 " I seized an opportunity, in the midst
 " of the confusion, to secure the little
 " Calaf, who, together with this casket, I
 " fortunately saved from the hands of
 " the destroyers. I inquired of the
 " guards concerning the fate of my
 " master; and being informed thou wert
 " still living, spent the remainder of
 " the day, and the succeeding night, in
 " searching for thee.'—

" Hast thou not, O daroga! seen the
 " foaming torrent rushing in cataracts
 " upon the valley? hast thou not heard
 " the mountains re-echo with its roar-
 " ing? Even so was the enraged son
 " of Haseph borne away by the violence

" of despair:—even so could he have
 " rushed on the destroyer of his peace,
 " the treacherous disturber of his pro-
 " sperity.

" 'Farewell!' said I, 'ye delusions of
 " happiness! since Azilé has been torn
 " from me, never more shall ye find en-
 " trance in the heart of Almorad.
 " Henceforth, grief, disappointment, and
 " ceaseless sorrow, shall dwell for ever
 " in my soul.' Then throwing myself
 " on the ground, 'Here,' cried I,
 " 'here will I remain: here will I wait
 " that death, which I entreat our Pro-
 " phet speedily to send me. But do
 " thou, Imalchar, fly with my Calaf, to
 " some far desert, where he may never
 " hear the treacherous voice of man;
 " where

"where no deceitful friend may ever
 "find him."

" 'How, my lord!' said the good
 "Imalchar, terrified at the words I had
 "uttered. 'Wilt thou then forsake thy
 "son? wilt thou deprive him of a
 "father's care? wilt thou abandon him
 "to the malice of the world?"

"At these words, I cast my eyes on
 "Calaf; his little hands held mine;
 "and washing them with his tears, he
 "gazed on me with a look of irresistible
 "tenderness. 'Ah, my child!' cried
 "I, 'is it possible that thy youthful
 "breast can be already so sensible to the
 "bitterness of sorrow? Happy is the
 "infant who lives not to witness the

“ wickedness of the world. Come, my
 “ son ; to thy happiness will I dedicate
 “ the remainder of my life : but never
 “ more shall Almorad be the dupe of
 “ the artifices of mankind.’

“ ‘ Will my lord deign to listen to
 “ the counsels of a faithful slave ?’ said
 “ the impatient Imalchar. Tarry no
 “ longer here, lest thy life be endan-
 “ gered by thy stay. Let us find out
 “ some retreat far beyond the reach of
 “ the perils by which thou art sur-
 “ rounded.’

“ ‘ Ah !’ cried I, ‘ has not the cruelty
 “ of fortune deprived us of the means,
 “ even of retiring from the world ?’—

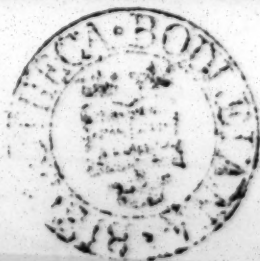
“ ‘ My lord,’ answered Imalchar, draw-
 “ ing

“ing a casket from his robe, ‘ I doubt
“ not but that this box contains jewels
“ of some value.’ On opening it, we
“ discovered a thousand dinaras*, and a
“ picture of my beloved Azilé, more
“ dear to me than all the hoarded pos-
“ sessions of the eastern mines.”

“ My father,” interrupted Calaf,
“ hast thou yet preserved the resem-
“ blance of my unhappy mother?”

“ Ah, my son!” said the good Al-
morad, “ I have still worn it next that
“ bosom, which shall ever retain a fin-
“ cere regret for the loss of the original,
“ the charming, the faithful Azilé.”

* A ducat of gold, worth twelve shillings.



Then

Then taking a picture from his vest, he presented it to Calaf, who, looking up as he received it, beheld with astonishment, that the daroga was sunk lifeless in a swoon.

CHAPTER VI.

BUT what was the surprise of Almorad, when the daroga, who was soon restored to life, by the assistance of his attendants, on opening his eyes, screamed in an agony—

“ Hide me—hide me, Allah! from
 “ the sight of the injured Alzamor.
 “ Behold, unfortunate man, the guilty
 “ Nahor.”

“ How! Nahor!” cried Almorad,
 with a mixture of surprise and horror.
 “ Is it possible! Do I then once more
 “ behold

“ behold the vilest, the most treacherous
“ of mankind ?”

“ O!” said the daroga, “ if mercy
“ dwelieth in the breasts of the vir-
“ tuous, surely Alzamor is merciful.
“ Spare, then, reproaches, more piercing
“ than the scorpion’s sting. Every
“ word thou hast uttered has been a
“ dagger to the heart of the wretched,
“ the ungrateful Nahor. Yet know,
“ Alzamor, miserable as my perfidy has
“ made thee, thou hast not felt those
“ inward tortures, which have never
“ ceased to pursue the destroyer of his
“ friend.”

“ Alas, then!” said Almorad, starting
from the lethargy into which he was
plunged,

plunged, and gazing wildly on the distracted countenance of the daroga, "it
 " is no vision; it is too true: Alzamora
 " again beholds the man, who once held
 " the second place in his soul; but who
 " is now an object more hateful to his
 " sight than the terrific Dabekh*. Yes,
 " cruel Nahor, thou wert once dear to
 " me, as is her young to the pelican of
 " the wilderness. Thou knowest the
 " time, when that life, which thou hast
 " deprived of its value, should have
 " been laid down for thy sake. But
 " thou, faithless as thou art, brokest the
 " ties which bound us; and never shall
 " they be renewed by any of thy deceit.

* The chief of the black angels, called Zoubanya, whose office it is to torment the wicked in hell.

"ful

“ful race. Farewell, O Nahor! and
 “if our Prophet heareth my entreaties,
 “never shall we meet again: never
 “more shall I look upon the murderer
 “of Azilé.

“Come, my son,” said he, addressing
 himself to Calaf, “let us quit a house,
 “wherein those wounds have been torn
 “open, which sixteen years of solitude
 “have scarcely healed.”

The youth, who had gazed on the af-
 fecting scene before him with silent ter-
 ror, gave his hand to his father; and leav-
 ing the daroga fainting in the arms of his
 slaves, they departed from the palace,
 with emotions very different from those
 with which they had entered it.

The

The perturbation which the sight of his deceitful friend had caused in the mind of Alzamor (for so we shall henceforth call him), rendered him unable to proceed; and they passed the night in a caravanfera *, then inhabited by some Armenian merchants, who intended to depart next morning, on their way to Julpha †, and in whose company it was agreed that they should pursue the remainder of their journey.

When the first rays of morning gave our travellers notice of approaching

* A kind of inn for the use of merchants.

† A town about a mile from Ispahan, where there is a great colony of Armenian, and other Christian merchants.

day,

day, they loaded their camels, and bid adieu to the city of Scamachi.

The severe trial which Alzamor had encountered the preceding evening, seemed unto him even as the light impression of an airy vision; yet it banished the serenity of his countenance, and the wonted mildness of his brow gave way to the gloom, which overspreads the visage of the thoughtful and austere.

"Yet," said he to himself, "it is not
 "a dream! These eyes beheld him—
 "these aged eyes, made dim by the
 "bitter tears which he has caused to
 "flow."

Whilst

Whilst the mind of Alzamora was full of these reflections, the caravan entered the street in which was the palace of the daroga. Alzamora would have shunned it, even as the envenomed tongue of the poisonous serpent: he would have avoided it, for it contained the murderer of his peace. When they approached the abode of the governor, he turned away his head with an emotion of horror; but on a sudden his ears were assailed by the most piercing cries; the palace echoed with groans, and the air was filled with the most mournful lamentations. In a moment lamps were kindled on the terrace*, giving notice to the inhabitants of Scamachi, that the

* A custom in Persia at the death of any person of rank.

daroga had that morning resigned his breath at the call of the terrific angel, and had bidden a last adieu to the cares of the world.

A sudden and indescribable emotion shot across the heart of Alzamor: an involuntary sigh escaped him—

“ Ah !” said he, “ he is then no
 “ more ! The eyes of Nahor are closed
 “ in the sleep of ages. May the same
 “ oblivion draw a veil over his offences !
 “ So prays Alzamor. Yet, would that
 “ I had never known him !—but the will
 “ of our Prophet be obeyed ! The last
 “ pangs of the departed have been
 “ sharpened, alas ! by the stings of
 “ remorse ; and the agonies of death

“ made

" made more poignant by the upbraid-
 " ing voice of conscience. Perhaps the
 " sight of a betrayed friend hastened his
 " dissolution. Alas, Alzamor! thou
 " wert too cruel! thy reproaches, keen
 " as the edge of the polished sabre, cut
 " him to the soul. Was he not old,
 " and already enfeebled by sorrow?
 " Had not the tears of repentance left
 " their traces on his aged cheek? Surely
 " solitude has hardened a heart, once
 " open to the entreaties of the misera-
 " ble. Alas! how imperfect are the
 " sons of men! how frail are the chil-
 " dren of mortality! I reflected on him
 " as the destroyer of my happiness; I
 " beheld before me the murderer of
 " Azilé; resentment steeled the heart
 " of Alzamor, and pity entered not;
 " rage

“rage inflamed his mind, and forgive-
“ness could find no avenue to his
“breast!”

Calaf rode silently by the side of Al-
zamor, unwilling to interrupt, by his
questions or remarks, the meditations
in which he beheld him plunged. At
length Alzamor addressed him as fol-
lows:

“Calaf! the scene which thou hast
“contemplated has sunk into thy soul;
“deep are impressions made on the soft
“mind of youth. Let not the fire of
“gaiety melt it from thy remembrance;
“but let it be to thee an example of the
“frailty of mankind, the instability of
“all human friendships. Had the aw-
“ful

“ful voice of Allah spoken unto me,
 “and said, Nahor, the friend of Alza-
 “mor, shall be false, belief would
 “scarcely have entered my heart.”

“Virtuous Alzamor!” replied Calaf,
 “even as the pebble cleaveth to the
 “rock, so shall thy counsels adhere to
 “the breast of Calaf. But surely, my
 “father! all men are not as the trea-
 “cherous Nahor, or even as the cruel
 “Ibrahim? May not the inexperienced
 “Calaf find out some friend who will
 “not repay his confidence with guile?
 “May he not discover some face, open
 “and undiffembling as is the purple
 “turquoise*, which changeth its com-

* To this stone is attributed the surprising
 quality of changing colour according to the health
 or temper of its wearer.

“ plexion, even as do the heart and
 “ emotions of its wearer ?”

“ My son !” returned Alzamora, “ va-
 “ rious as the hues which adorn the gay
 “ flowrets of the valley, are the hearts
 “ of mankind. Even as the insects
 “ which sport in the warm sun-beam,
 “ are the children of mortality. Yon
 “ painted fly, which fluttereth its gilded
 “ wings upon the breeze, resembles the
 “ ambitious omrah ; the reptile, creep-
 “ ing in the cool shade of that odorife-
 “ rous lime, seems even as the man, who,
 “ quitting the crowded walks of life,
 “ finds shelter in the silent paths of
 “ quiet and repose : the scorpion, dart-
 “ ing its envenomed sting at the unwary
 “ traveller, appeareth as that mistaken
 “ mortal,

" mortal, who vainly seeks his own hap-
 " piness in the ruin of his fellow crea-
 " tures : in the harmless snail, which
 " stirreth not beyond the shelter of his
 " narrow cell, I behold the pious her-
 " mit, or retired dervise. Even such,
 " and more numerous, are the pursuits
 " of the sons of Adam."

In this manner they proceeded slowly
 for the space of ten days ; in the course
 of that time they passed the rivers Kur
 and Aras*, but met with no accident
 worthy of relating till they arrived at

* These rivers were anciently known by the
 names of the Cyrus and Araxes : they have their
 rise in the mountains of Ararat, and run through
 Georgia, Schirvan, and Adirbeitzan.

the city of Cafwin*. Here Alzamor and Calaf agreed to separate from the merchants, and, pursuing the direct road to Isfahan, continued their journey alone. They took leave of the Armenians in the morning, and travelled so quick, that before the sun had ceased to gild the horizon, they reached the foot of mount Elwent. Here Alzamor determined to seek a shady covert, where he might pitch his tent, and rest his tired limbs till the return of day: they soon discovered a place, where the thick branches of a spreading beech formed a refreshing shade, and the gentle murmuring of a neighbouring cascade, which glided along the rocks, lulled the weary traveller to repose.

* A town in the province of Irac Agem.

Calaf,

Calaf, strong and healthy as the young fawn, felt not fatigue : he viewed with pleasure the verdant covering of the valley ; he gazed with delight on the lofty rock, whose deep caverns seemed to offer a delightful seclusion, and whose summit shone with dew-drops, more brilliant than the brightest gems which lie buried in the hard bosom of the earth, and bid defiance to the glittering produce, dug with so much toil from the bowels of Golconda. Such were the contemplations of Calaf, as he climbed alone up the rugged side of the mountain : when he had reached the top, he gazed with wonder and astonishment on the vast tract of country which lay spread before him ;—on one side, long uninhabited plains and sandy deserts,

ferfs, whose defolate appearance would have thrown a gloomy and uninteresting air over the fcene, had they not been bounded by lofty mountains, whose hoary tops feemed to pierce the yielding clouds, and look down with fcorn on the inhabitants of the lower earth; whilst the cities of Cafwin and Hamadan gave a pleasing diverfity to the fcene.

Calaf felt his heart fwell within him; while his eyes, filled with tears, wandered infenfibly towards the north. The cottage on the hills of Schirvan engroffed his imagination; the Genius of the valley of Moran, and his adored houri, forcibly ftruck upon his thoughts; whilst the moon, gently rifing from behind

hind the mountains, adding to the gloomy grandeur of the scene, contributed to inspire his mind with sublime and melancholy ideas.

“ Ah!” cried he, “ how small a space
 “ does the peaceful, the lowly cottage
 “ of Alzamor and his son occupy on the
 “ vast globe which we inhabit ! And
 “ yet that small, that humble spot, is
 “ the utmost boundary of the wishes of
 “ Calaf. Happy is the peasant, whom
 “ Allah has blessed with a frame fit for
 “ labour, and a heart contented with
 “ his lot ! he fears not the envy of
 “ mankind ; he can look with calmness
 “ on the rulers of the world ; his soul
 “ knoweth not the stings of disappointed
 “ ambition ; his little field is to him a
 “ king-

“ kingdom ; he enjoys sweet sleep, the
 “ fruit of honest toil ; and when Azrael
 “ shall call for him, the same earth
 “ which his hands have cultivated, shall
 “ serve as a cover for his bones : even
 “ as over-ripened corn falleth where it
 “ grows ; so he, when his hair is whiten-
 “ ed by the hand of time, and succeed-
 “ ing years shall have scattered wrin-
 “ kles on his brow, shall drop into
 “ decay, even on the spot where he grew
 “ and flourished. Few friends will la-
 “ ment his death ; for few are the friends
 “ of poverty. The low-roofed cottage
 “ is seldom the abode of the flatterer
 “ and deceiver : no,—plain sincerity,
 “ and guileless honesty, are its inhabit-
 “ ants ; and with such be the dwelling
 “ of Calaf ! But, alas ! far other scenes

“ is

"is he doomed to visit ! The royal pa-
 "lace, the stately meydan, the gilded
 "apartments of the great and affluent,
 "must he seek ; far from the protect-
 "ing influence of his guardian Genius,
 "from the smile of his beloved houri.
 "But alas, Calaf ! whither art thou
 "wandering ? Why wilt thou yield to
 "the vain delusions of a transient vi-
 "sion, the short-lived phantom of a
 "moment ?"

Wrapped in meditation, his ears scarce
 caught the warning hisses of a poison-
 ous serpent, which had twisted its trans-
 parent body in the branches of a tree,
 against which he leaned ; when, sud-
 denly seizing an opportunity, it darted
 from its concealment, and fixed its rank-

ling tooth in the arm of the unsuspecting Calaf. Surprise and anguish for a moment deprived him of recollection; but presently recovering himself, he drew his sabre, and plunging it into the monster's throat, it fell dead from the tree. Calaf, fainting with pain and loss of blood, sunk lifeless on the ground.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT was the distraction of Alzamor, when the dawn returned, without restoring to him his beloved Calaf!

“ Alas ! ” cried he, “ the savage
 “ beasts of the mountains have de-
 “ voured him ! The distant howling
 “ of wolves came wafting on the
 “ breeze : it whispered the murder of
 “ Calaf. O ye destroyers ! have ye
 “ not scattered his limbs in the valley ?
 “ have ye not moistened the verdant
 “ carpet with his blood ? Why do ye
 “ not hasten to the destruction of Al-
 “ zamor ? ”

“ zamor?—Go,” continued he, turning to the rabdars, “ go, seek ye the
“ scattered remains of Calaf: let them
“ not be exposed to the burning force
“ of the sun-beam; let them not be-
“ come a prey to the rapacious vulture.”

The chief of the rabdars, touched by the grief in which he saw the venerable Alzamor overwhelmed, addressed him as follows:

“ If my lord will listen to the re-
“ monstrance of one who doubteth not
“ to pour the balsam of consolation in-
“ to his bosom; if he will deign to
“ lend a patient ear to the counsel of
“ his servant, he will not suffer his
“ mind to bow beneath the vain sug-
“ gestions

"gestions of causeless terror : he will
 "not yield it a prey to uncertain fears.
 "Even now the youth whom thou la-
 "mentest may be gazing with delight
 "on the wild cliffs of the mountain.
 "May he not, led by the beauty of
 "the scene, be exploring the deep
 "glens of the valley ? May not the
 "angel of repose have shed his dusky
 "wings over his eyelids ? and may he
 "not be enjoying, in the arms of sleep,
 "a pleasing oblivion to the toils of the
 "preceding day ? Suffer us then,
 "my lord, who live but as the slaves
 "of thy pleasure, to range the moun-
 "tains, and restore to thy arms the be-
 "loved cause of thy grief."

Alza-

Alzamor, almost sinking beneath the sorrow into which the absence of his son had plunged him, answered not. He made a sign for them to leave him; and retaining only three of the rabdars, retired to his tent.

The hand of despair had set its rugged mark on the brow of Alzamor: the bitter waters of sorrow flowed in torrents from his eyes.

“ Ah, mighty Allah !” cried he, with an agitated voice, “ wherefore loadeſt thou thy aged ſervant with afflictions too heavy for his ſtrength? “ The years of his life have been years of mourning; the noon of his day “ was

" was overcast with clouds ; and shall
 " his evening sun go down in tears ?
 " Thy servant looked not for honours ;
 " he fought only repose : but that
 " thou hast denied him : his head, fil-
 " vered by the frosts of adversity,
 " shrinks not from the blast of death ;
 " but thou hast stricken the son of his
 " bosom."

In the mean time Agib and the rab-
 dars, who went in search of Calaf,
 arrived at the top of the mountain,
 where they beheld, with equal terror
 and astonishment, his sabre lying in
 the blood of the dead serpent. Agib,
 who no longer doubted but that his
 master, having received a wound from
 this reptile, had, unable to defend
 him-

himself, fallen a prey to the fury of wild beasts, who had dragged him to their dens, as food for their young, began to tear his hair and utter the most piercing cries ; while the rabdars, filled with horror, gazed on each other, irresolute whether to pursue their search, or return, and torture the already distracted heart of the miserable Alzamor. At length, rousing themselves from the state of inaction in which, their fears had involved them, they determined to follow the tracks of blood, which led them down the side of the mountain. At length, they discovered a narrow path ; and suddenly the sound of a voice arrested their attention : it seemed to proceed from the midst of a grove of orange-trees, which cast a charm-

charming shade from the piercing rays of the sun, and delighted their senses with the fragrance of a thousand odoriferous plants.

“ Alas ! ” cried the chief of the rabdars, stopping hastily, in a tone of the utmost consternation ; “ whence “ are these sounds ? Whither are we “ come ? This is, without doubt, “ the abode of a genius ; and some “ horrible fate will be the punishment “ of our presumption.”

Struck with terror at the idea, they thought only of returning ; when, just as they were preparing to depart, they were astonished by the appearance of an old man, the fire of whose eyes was

was extinguished by the cold mists of age, while the wrinkles on his brow were softened by a smile of benevolence, and his white hair flowed gently on the breeze.

"My children!" cried he, leaning on his staff, "whence come ye? and whom do ye seek?"

"Ah, my lord!" said Agib, throwing himself at his feet, "pardon the rashness of thy servants, and regard not thy slaves with an eye of displeasure. The men whom thou beholdest are in search of a beloved master. Alas! the wild beasts of the mountain have devoured him; but what mouth is that which shall declare the tidings
"to

“to his father? or who is he that
“shall wring the heart of the aged?
“His tongue shall be even as the ar-
“row which killeth whom it strikes;
“and even as the poisoned dart which
“rankleth in the wound, shall be the
“words of his mouth.”

“My son!” replied the old man,
with a smile of pleasure, “soft as the
“balmy gales of Arabia is the breath
“of him who telleth of joy. Wel-
“come to the soul of the afflicted, as
“the fresh breeze of the morning, is the
“messenger of peace! Sweet as the
“warbling of the nightingale among
“the roses, is the voice of him who
“bringeth comfort to the sorrowful.
“The lips of Abdallah shall be the re-
“porters

“ porters of happiness, and his mouth
 “ shall declare the words of delight.”

Then taking Agib by the hand, and beckoning the rabdars to follow him, he conducted them to his cave; where, with ravished eyes, they once more beheld the son of Alzamor. Filled with transport, they threw themselves at his feet, and waked him from the slumber into which he was fallen: but, alas! the ruddy hue of health had fled from the cheek of Calaf; the diamond no longer sparkled in his eye, the ruby was banished from his lip.

Beauty, thou flower which withereth
 in the blast! why art thou desired?
 Behold, the downy cheek of youth fades
 be-

beneath the touch of time: sickness has
 cankered the opening blossom; the
 leaves of the rose-bud shall close be-
 neath the shades of night, and all is
 vanished. Behold, O ye children of
 mortality! how vain are your desires!
 Go, ye sons of men! open the sepul-
 chres of the dead; explore the dreary
 habitations: seek ye there the fair-
 ones ye have loved. But where are the
 eyes which dazzled your senses? where
 are those lips which spoke but of de-
 light? Alas! Why shrink ye?—"Tis
 even thus, ye also shall fade! The
 bow shall lie unstrung by the side
 of the hunter: no longer shall the
 voice of the warbler be wasted on the
 gale.

On

On waking from the swoon occasioned by the bite of the serpent, Calaf believed himself in a dream, and that sleep had once more misled his thoughts into the wild regions of fancy. But, looking round, he perceived his dead foe lying in his blood, whilst his own flowed copiously on the earth. Death now presented itself to his view; and whilst he looked down upon the world which he believed himself going to quit, a kind of regret glanced across his mind.

“ Ah!” cried he, with a faint voice,
 “ what means this reluctance to retire
 “ from a scene so often overcast by the
 “ clouds of discontent? Or why should
 “ I grieve to quit a place where I have
 “ spent

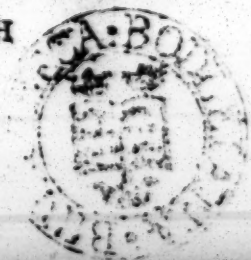
" spent but few years? and in those
 " few, little have I known the warm
 " sunshine of prosperity. Why, then,
 " should I repine at the gracious
 " will of the great Prophet? Have I
 " not reflected on death with indiffe-
 " rence? Have I not beheld it as the
 " repose of the troubled mind, as a
 " relief to the weary pilgrim?—But
 " it was then at a distance.—Ah! why
 " has it assumed new terrors; or where-
 " fore is the heart of Calaf changed?
 " Now it is near, I look on it with
 " horror; when it was afar off, I
 " thought of it with calmness. Alas,
 " my father! soon will thy only hope
 " lie cold upon the mountains; soon
 " will the night of death close up his
 " eyelids; soon will the bleak winds
 " of

" of the north howl over the corpse of
 " Calaf: no more shall he inhale the
 " fresh breeze of the morning, no
 " more shall he pluck the blooming
 " rose of the valley, wet with the dew
 " of evening; for the hand of the de-
 " stroyer is upon him, the scythe of
 " the angel of mortality mows him to
 " the earth."

While he spoke, the damp mists of
 death seemed to hang over him: his
 senses forsook him, and he once more
 fell motionless against a tree. When
 life again returned to him, he beheld
 himself in the arms of an aged man,
 whose tottering limbs seemed scarcely
 able to support the weight with which
 kindness and humanity had loaded
 them.

them. Calaf could not speak, but waited silently, and almost insensibly, till his venerable supporter, arriving at the foot of the mountain, laid him gently on a green bank, watered by a clear brook, and shaded by a little grove of orange-trees; who then, seating himself by his side, untwisted the linen of his turban, and carefully tied up the wound, which had nearly ceased to bleed; having done so, he disappeared before Calaf had time to recollect his scattered thoughts, and gather strength sufficient to express his gratitude. He was not left long, however, to his own bewildered imagination. The good old man expeditionally returned, and brought with him a phial, the contents of which he poured down his throat; then, gazing eagerly on his

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face, and finding that he breathed, and that a faint ray of animation began to glow upon his cheek, he clasped his hands together in a transport, while a tear of delight dropped from his aged eyes. "Blessed be the god of Zoro-
 "after *!" exclaimed he with a loud voice; "and thou, great luminary!
 "whose benignant rays inspire the chil-
 "dren of mortality, and all things
 "which dwell upon the earth, with
 "light and gladness! be thou also
 "blessed for the returning life of this
 "young stranger!"

Calaf heard these ejaculations, which were pronounced in the Persian or Gaur

* The prophet of the Gaur.

language,

language, with surprise; and, unable to repress the emotions of gratitude which swelled within his bosom, he endeavoured, in faltering accents, to offer his acknowledgments to his unknown preserver.

“ Forbear, my son !” said the venerable Gaur*, “ forbear to exhaust thy little remains of strength in undeserved thanks to the instrument of thy recovery. By Zoroaster, thou shalt not speak of gratitude till the rose of health once more blushes on thy cheek, and the ruby of Guzarat glows upon thy lip. But come, young man ! the weak assistance my trembling age

* Followers of the ancient Persian religion : commonly understood to be worshippers of the sun.

" can afford, is but a feeble staff; ac-
 " cept it, however; it will suffice to
 " support thee to my cell: and may the
 " glorious Power, who sheddeth his
 " beams over the universe, hear the
 " prayers of Abdallah! May he smile
 " on his endeavours to complete thy
 " cure!"

Then striking into a narrow path,
 almost hid amongst the orange-trees,
 they soon reached the cell of the Gaur.
 It was a low cavern, scooped in the
 rock, covered with jasmine and sweet-
 brier, which interwove their tender
 branches across the little wicket, which
 was the only guard so humble an habi-
 tation required.

" Enter,

“ Enter, my son !” said the old man,
“ enter freely the dwelling of Abdallah.
“ It is not adorned with the marble of
“ Taurus : its walls are not decked with
“ the paintings of Many* : yet do not
“ hesitate, for Welcome opens the door,
“ and Hospitality is ready to receive
“ thee.”

“ Ah, my father !” answered Calaf,
“ the glowing cheek of true humanity is
“ more beautiful in the sight of Calaf,
“ than the fine touches of a Many : and
“ such thou possessest.”

The hermit then opening the gate,
they entered a small, but neat apartment.

* A Persian painter.

“Stranger!” said Abdallah, “thou art faint: repose thyself on this couch.” Then throwing himself beside him, he stripped down the sleeve of his tunic, and covered the wound with an ointment, the charming scent of which spread the most refreshing perfume through the cave; and the weary eyes of Calaf closing insensibly, he fell into a pleasing slumber; the same in which he was found by the messengers of his father.

CHAPTER VIII.

"GO, my children!" said the Gaur, addressing himself to the rabdars; "haste ye to breathe the words of consolation in the ears of the mourner."

Then having made a sign for them to depart in silence, fearing lest they should disturb the languid Calaf, they returned, full of gladness, to convey the tidings to Alzamor.

It was long since the soul of Alzamor had known the sounds of joy: the soft touch of pleasure was a stranger to his

heart; the rough storms of adversity had blighted the spring of his life; the clouds of grief had cast a gloom over his mind: his autumn had glided away in the tranquil scenes of solitude, undisturbed by the arrows of misfortune, unwarmed by the sunbeam of delight: reflection had checked the wild tumult of his passions; but, alas! they were not subdued: they were suppressed by the wisdom of age; but they were still unconquered: the icy hand of sorrow drove him to despair, while his heart beat at the voice of joy. But who shall express the transport which glowed within his bosom, when, conducted by the rabdars, he arrived at the cavern of Abdallah! The sage dictates of experience were no longer obeyed: the
cool

cool precepts of prudence were heard no more. Alzamor, the grave, the venerable Alzamor, overcome by the contending emotions which strove within his soul, no longer able to support himself, rushed into the cave, and fell breathless by the side of his beloved Calaf. At length, recovering from the swoon into which the violence of his agitation had thrown him, and turning to the good Abdallah, he addressed him as follows :

“ Hearken, O virtuous sage ! to the
 “ voice of Alzamor, and let not the
 “ words of his mouth be uttered in vain.
 “ The voice of the worldling is even as
 “ the empty sound of the evening breeze
 “ fluttering among the branches, which,
 “ when it is departed, leaveth not a
 H 5 “ mark.

" mark. It is even as a damsel playing
 " on the lute ; it sooths the soul of the
 " hearer, but when it ceaseth, there
 " remaineth no vestige thereof. But
 " the lips of Alzamor are the slaves of
 " his heart : they would show to thee a
 " breast swollen with gratitude ; but,
 " alas ! they cannot : feebly do they
 " express the feelings of the soul : faintly
 " do they paint the warm sentiments of
 " the mind."

" Venerable Alzamor !" said the Gaur,
 " cease to load the head of Abdallah
 " with undeserved thanks ; cease to
 " overwhelm him with acknowledg-
 " ments of which he is unworthy. Look
 " upon the countenance of thy son, and
 " tell me, O Alzamor ! what man is
 " that

“ that who beareth in his breast a hu-
“ man heart, who could refuse assist-
“ ance to the distresses of Calaf ? ”

The eyes of Alzamor shone with pleasure ; and the pale cheek of Calaf was for a moment enlivened by a blush of confusion.

“ Many years,” said the Gaur, pur-
suing his discourse, “ many years of
“ silent seclusion have marked their pro-
“ gress on the brow of the aged Abdal-
“ lah ; and seldom has the voice of man
“ interrupted the stillness of his repose.
“ The world still floats upon his me-
“ mory like unto the dusky images of a
“ morning dream : its bustling crowds
“ seem hid in the thick mists of time.

“ The heart of Abdallah, long occupied
“ by the busy scenes of life, is now be-
“ come a blank : / the passions which
“ swayed it have long been buried in
“ the cold grave of indifference ; dead
“ to the allurements of prosperity, in-
“ sensible to the voice of grief.”

“ Alas !” cried Alzamor, “ thou
“ hast, doubtless, been driven from the
“ world by the scourge of adversity ; and,
“ like Alzamor, retired from the scene,
“ sick of its sorrows and disappoint-
“ ments.”

“ Sage Muffulman !” replied the Gaur,
“ the enjoyments of life courted the ac-
“ ceptance of Abdallah : its most envied
“ possessions presented themselves to
“ his

" his view ; but even as the coward
 " shrinketh from the loud call of the
 " brazen trumpet, so fainted the soul of
 " Abdallah at the soft voice of pleasure :
 " he fled from it even as the traveller
 " fleeth from the cry of the crocodile.
 " Yet the ear of Abdallah once listened
 " with transport to the song of joy ;
 " his eye once dwelt enraptured on the
 " charms of beauty : but the noon-day
 " of life has passed over his head, and
 " the glimmering shades of twilight
 " shall soon close upon his eyes, and all
 " shall be enveloped in the clouds of
 " night."

Then leaving his guests for a moment,
 he returned, bringing in his hand a
 basket filled with the wild fruits which
 flour-

flourished abundantly round his little cottage; and a flaggon full of the clearest water.

“ My friends!” cried he, “ the perverted taste of luxury would turn with
 “ disdain from the simple repast of Abdallah; the eye of the voluptuary
 “ would view with pity his frugal fare;
 “ but danger lieth hid within the sparkling goblet; and among the rich viands
 “ which heap the tables of Intemperance, is concealed the pale and
 “ bloated visage of Disease.”

Alzamor partook, with appetite, of the refreshment set before him by the hospitable Abdallah, and having devoutly

voutly pronounced the bizmillah*, entreated his host to favour him with the relation of those adventures which had ended in his choice of a solitude so remote from the busy cares of life.

“ If,” returned the Gaur, “ the
“ events which mark the history of Ab-
“ dallah can give pleasure to his friends,
“ they shall be laid open before them,
“ The incidents which occur in the most
“ unchequered scenes of life must be
“ productive of instruction to the mind
“ of youth; but Abdallah launched his
“ little bark upon a sea whose waves
“ were for ever fluctuating under the
“ winds of vicissitude. * The vessel of

* The grace used by Persians before meals.

“ his.

" his hopes was wrecked upon the rocks
 " of disappointment. May he not then
 " flatter himself that his sorrows will,
 " at least, procure for him an interest
 " in the hearts of the compassionate?
 " But as the ocean which lasheth the
 " shore with its billows, sweepeth away
 " the frail characters engraven on the
 " sand; even so has the overwhelming
 " tide of time obliterated every trace of
 " grief in the bosom of Abdallah.

" The eyes of thy servant first opened
 " on the world in a pleasant plain, on
 " the borders of the river Hindemend,
 " in the province of Sigistan. Far from
 " the dwellings of pride and dissipation
 " was the cottage of Horeb, the fisher-
 " man, who gave birth to Abdallah.

" 'Tis

" 'Tis true, the humble lot of Horeb was
 " unmarked by the uplifted eyes of af-
 " fluence, which casteth not a glance
 " upon the ground; but his hut was
 " blessed by the presence of cheerfulness,
 " and contentment smiled upon his
 " toils; for the soul of the lowly is the
 " mansion of happiness; and the breast
 " of the peasant, the abode of simple
 " joys.

" The good Horeb was the father of
 " three sons, the youngest of whom is
 " now before you; and these, and the
 " Prophet whom he worshipped, di-
 " vided his affections: unlearned in the
 " book of knowledge, his ideas were
 " confined; he listened to the discourses
 " of

“ of the mollahs * with devotion, nor suf-
 “ fered his thoughts to wander beyond
 “ their tenets. Reason lay dormant
 “ and shackled by the heavy chains of
 “ superstition ; and contented with fol-
 “ lowing the dictates of an honest
 “ mind, he sought not to rescue that
 “ mind from the dark mazes of ignorance
 “ in which it was involved.”

“ Hold, Abdallah !” cried the aged
 Alzamor ; “ fill not the ears of thy
 “ guests with the words of impiety, nor
 “ provoke the man whom thy hand has
 “ blessed, to repay with curses the de-
 “ liverer of his son : oblige him not to
 “ load thee with imprecations in return

* Mahometan priests.

“ for

“ for the benefits thou hast heaped upon
“ him. How is it, O great Prophet !
“ that an idolater, an unbeliever of thy
“ sacred word, should possess a soul
“ glowing with kindness for his fellow-
“ creatures ?”

“ My lord !” replied the Gaur, smiling
placidly on Alzamor, whose face was
overcast by the gloom of anger and
distress, “ grieve not for the words of
“ thy servant, nor suffer the fierce-
“ ness of wrath to get dominion over
“ thee. The faith of Abdallah teacheth
“ peace, and smootheneth the frown of
“ rage : its simple dictates whisper soft
“ to the soul as the evening zephyr, or
“ the gentle slumbers of the innocent.”

“ Forgive,

"Forgive, O Abdallah!" said Al-
 zamor, whose countenance, like the
 moon, breaking forth from the heavy
 clouds of night, was once more ani-
 mated by the rays of good humour;
 "forgive the impetuous zeal which
 taught the voice of Alzamor to breathe
 the accents of violence against his be-
 nefactor. Proceed, in peace, to re-
 late the history of thy life, and never
 more shall the voice of discord inter-
 rupt the harmony of our hearts."

"Sweet," returned the Gaur, "as per-
 fumed gales wafted from a garden of
 roses, is the breath of reconciliation.
 When fourteen years had rolled in
 quiet succession over the youthful
 brow of Abdallah, unmarked by any
 trouble,

"trouble, unruffled by any storm, calm
 "as the unclouded evening of a sum-
 "mer's day, Grief had not intruded on
 "our childish sports and wholesome
 "toil: her ruthless form had never vi-
 "sited the hut of Horeb: when, one
 "hapless night, as our father had ven-
 "tured forth, in spite of the rude blow-
 "ing of a stormy wind, my two brothers
 "and myself, whom he had forbidden
 "to participate in his danger, stood on
 "the borders of the river, waiting his
 "return in anxious uncertainty. The
 "sky was veiled in darkness, the blast
 "swept wild across the water, and the
 "blue forked lightning, which gleamed
 "upon the waves, discovered to our af-
 "frighted eyes the full horror of the
 "scene. But vainly did the sons of
 "Horeb

“ Horeb seek the bark of their father ;
 “ vainly did their ears wait the dashing
 “ of his oars : his oars lay floating on
 “ the waves ; but, alas ! the hand which
 “ guided them was lost for ever. The
 “ morning blew fresh along the plain ;
 “ the rage of the storm was allayed, its
 “ anger subsided, and it seemed to
 “ mourn the effects of its violence in
 “ hollow moanings through the dripping
 “ trees. The empty shattered bark of
 “ our lost father was driven by the
 “ winds into that part of the river where
 “ we stood beating our breasts, and
 “ calling on Mahomet to restore him to
 “ us in safety ; but his eyes were closed
 “ in the sleep of ages : the fiream of
 “ life had ceased to flow. The hand of
 “ time had not frozen his heart ; he was
 “ in

“ in the noon of his day : the morning
“ saw him fresh as the pine in the forests
“ of Kedar, but ere the evening he was
“ hewn down ; he lay extended on the
“ ground.”

“ Ah !” cried Alzamor, “ even as
“ the faint light of an expiring lamp, is
“ the life of the sons of men ; it shineth
“ with brightness for an hour ; but,
“ alas ! on the morrow its oil is wasted,
“ its flame is extinguished.”

“ Having spent three days,” renewed
Abdallah, “ in fasting, and unavailing
“ sorrow for the death of the good Ho-
“ reb, my two brothers began to con-
“ sider in what manner we should pro-
“ cure a subsistence for the remainder of
“ our

"our lives. As for thy servant, though
 "Heaven had given him a frame fit for
 "the toilsome scenes of life, and Health
 "had printed her bloom upon his cheek,
 "yet his heart beat not with the active
 "spirit of youth: indolence had cast a
 "weight over his mind: his soul burnt
 "not with the glowing sparks of am-
 "bition, and he sought only to spend
 "his days on the banks of the stream
 "where his eyes first opened on the
 "light. With such a mind was Ab-
 "dallah doomed to roam through dis-
 "tant countries, and to buffet amongst
 "strangers with the injuries of the
 "world."

CHAPTER IX.

“ ON the morning of the fourth day
 “ after that fatal one which had robbed
 “ us of our father,” continued Abdal-
 lah, “ before I had risen from my
 “ couch, my two brothers, who knew
 “ not that I was yet awake, began a
 “ discourse, which froze the blood of
 “ thy servant like the cold hand of the
 “ angel of death. Achmet the eldest
 “ spoke as follows:

“ ‘ Why, O Mohammed! should
 “ the sons of Horeb continue to waste
 “ their youth in sloth and inexperience?

|| VOE: I.

I

“ How

" How long shall the lion slumber in
 " his den? How long shall the wolf
 " lie crouching in the valley? Behold,
 " the winds shall bear on their wings
 " the arrows of Achmet, and the shafts
 " from his bow shall drink the blood
 " of his foes. Henceforth the travel-
 " ler of the desert shall be the foe of
 " Achmet, and the spoils which he
 " bears shall glitter in the hand of thy
 " brother.

" " Achmet!" returned Mohammed,
 " let the hearts of the children of Ho-
 " reb be as the heart of one man. We
 " will sing the song of death in the
 " desert of Sigistan; we will breathe
 " the words of destruction in the ears
 " of the pilgrim. But say, O Achmet!
 " shall

“ shall the lazy arm of the coward Ab-
“ dallah be lifted in deeds of glory, or
“ shall we for ever close the eyes of the
“ sluggard, and bestow on him that
“ quiet of which he is so fond ?”

“ ‘ Hear me, O my brother !’ an-
“ swered Achmet. ‘ This night will I
“ sell to the neighbouring fishers this
“ hut and the bark of our father Ho-
“ reb ; which will procure for us at
“ the least five dinaras : and before the
“ morning dawns upon the earth, with
“ thy aid, O Mohammed ! I will carry
“ the sleeping Abdallah to the river,
“ and plunge his body in the stream.’ ”

“ Judge, if it be possible, O Alza-
“ mor ! of the terror and despair which

" seized, upon the soul of Abdallah !
 " Unacquainted with the world, my
 " brothers were the only beings in the
 " whole universe on whom I had taught
 " myself to look for support and assist-
 " ance in its rugged paths. On ven-
 " turing to cast my eyes through the
 " curtains, which were drawn round
 " my couch, I perceived that Achmet
 " and Mohammed had quitted the cot-
 " tage. Courage, which had fainted
 " within me, now began to revive ;
 " and, throwing myself on the ground,
 " I called, in a tone of grief, on the
 " Prophet of my father—' O Maho-
 " met ! if it be thy will that thy servant
 " shall this night be driven among the
 " shades of death by the hands of his
 " brethren—lo ! it is done : at thy
 " word

" word the breath of his life is even as
 " the smoke which disperseth in the
 " air, and is seen no more. But if
 " thou hast decreed his escape, is he
 " not safe in the cave of the robber as
 " in the palace of the Shah ? Then,
 " rising, I performed the ablution ;
 " and finding my heart lighter, I began
 " calmly to consider the means of deli-
 " verance from the cruel hands of my
 " treacherous brothers. I walked to
 " and fro on the banks of the river ;
 " and the resplendent beams of the sun
 " gave an air of cheerfulness to all
 " around, which seemed to inspire my
 " heart with an activity hitherto un-
 " known to it. The birds warbled in
 " the groves, the air was perfumed
 " with flowers : in short, O Alzamor !

“ the mind of Abdallah was so per-
 “ fectly in unison with the scene, that
 “ he was but little disposed to quit it
 “ for the dark abyſſes of the grave.—
 “ ‘ What !’ ſaid I to myſelf, ‘ ſhall Ab-
 “ dallah preſent his breaſt to the knife
 “ of the murderer ? ſhall he bend as a
 “ lamb to the ſtroke of the butcher ?
 “ No ; let him exert his ſtrength in
 “ preſerving that life which Heaven has
 “ given him.’ Then, caſting my eyes
 “ on our little fiſhing-boat, which lay
 “ tied to a tree that grew from the
 “ bank, Providence inſpired me with
 “ a thought to which I owed my pre-
 “ ſervation. Every moment was now
 “ more precious than gold in the ſight
 “ of Abdallah. I flew home ; and
 “ finding that my brothers were not
 “ yet

“ yet returned, made use of their ab-
 “ sence in filling a small basket with
 “ rice and fruits. This, together with
 “ my bow and arrows, I carried cau-
 “ tiously, and hid among the grass un-
 “ der the tree to which the boat was
 “ tied. Then, once more returning to
 “ my cottage, I lay down upon my
 “ couch, and waited in silence the re-
 “ turn of my brothers. At length,
 “ Achmet and Mohammed entered the
 “ apartment, and the former, undraw-
 “ ing my curtains, said, with an air of
 “ kindness—

“ “ How is it, O Abdallah ! that thou
 “ hast not yet risen, and shared with
 “ thy brothers in the toil of the morn-
 “ ing ? ” Then, observing the paleness

" which overspread my countenance—
 " "Alas!" resumed he, " I fear sick-
 " ness has seized thee, and that thou
 " wilt fall a prey to some cruel disease.
 " O Mahomet! is it not enough that
 " thou hast torn from us a father, who
 " was the guide, the protector of our
 " youth, but thou wilt also deprive us
 " of our beloved Abdallah, who is in
 " our hearts as a son?"

" Conceive, O Alzamor! the indig-
 " nation I felt at that moment. But it
 " was now my turn to dissemble. " Ah,
 " my brother!" cried I, " grieve not for
 " the sickness of Abdallah, nor suffer
 " thy soul to feel disquiet. I will re-
 " main in silence, and give this day to
 " repose, and doubt not that the morn-
 " ing

"ing shall see me healthy as the young
 "kid on the dewy borders of the Hin-
 "demend.' Then, drawing the cur-
 "tains close, and complaining of the
 "light, I entreated them to leave me.
 "Terror and suspense had indeed disor-
 "dered the frame of Abdallah; a trem-
 "bling pervaded his limbs, and a cold
 "dew dropped from his forehead.
 "Mad with impatience, I waited in
 "agony for the approach of evening.
 "At length, the wished-for hour of
 "darkness arrived. My brothers were
 "absent; and, with a beating heart, I
 "sprang from my couch, and gently
 "opening the door, flew like lightning
 "to the banks of the river.

I got into the boat; and, having
 cut the rope which tied it, with a
 knife which I carried in my gash, bade
 an eternal adieu to the place of my
 birth. But the fears of Abdallah
 were still alive; the river was not
 broad; his brothers might have re-
 turned, and discovered his flight; or
 the fisherman, to whom they had
 sold the boat, might pursue the
 wretched Abdallah as a thief. At
 length, having got into the middle
 of the stream, I began to take
 breath: the moon played upon the
 water; I listened attentively—a deep
 stillness prevailed. Finding that I
 was not pursued, I began to row with
 more confidence; and it was not long
 before

" before I reached the opposite bank.—
 " " Ah ! " said I to myself, as I leaped
 " from the boat, ' hadst thou not known
 " the torture of fear, the transport of
 " this moment had been a stranger to
 " thy heart.' But it was not yet time
 " to be secure. I sat down for a mo-
 " ment on the ground ; and having
 " eaten of the rice and fruits which my
 " basket afforded, and finding my
 " strength and spirits return, I conti-
 " nued my journey ; and walking with
 " speed, I was soon out of sight of the
 " river. The first rays of morning
 " found me in a verdant plain, bound-
 " ed in my front, as far as the eye could
 " reach, by lofty mountains : on each
 " side I could discover nothing but flat
 " ground, sometimes interrupted by a
 " few

" few trees. Towards the mountains,
 " therefore, I continued to bend my
 " steps, till the approach of evening;
 " when, weary with heat, fatigue, and
 " violent thirst, I sank upon the ground,
 " unable to proceed. Heaven, who
 " forsaketh not the innocent, suffered
 " not the fainting Abdallah to perish in
 " this moment of despondence. Lift-
 " ing my head from the ground, I saw,
 " at a small distance, a cocoa-tree, the
 " top of which was loaded with fruit.
 " I rose immediately, despairing, how-
 " ever, to reach the object of my
 " wishes, the sight of which rendered
 " my thirst insupportable: when, to
 " my infinite joy, I discovered a cocoa-
 " nut which had fallen among the
 " grass. Sixty years of toil and vicissi-
 " tude

"tude have not erased the sensations of
 "that moment from the heart of Ab-
 "dallah. Gracious as is the pardon of
 "his sovereign to a condemned slave,
 "was the cooling draught to the
 "parched lips of the weary traveller.
 "Life and vigour were now once
 "more revived within my breast; and I
 "hoped, with the aid of Providence,
 "to reach the mountains before the
 "night had thrown her sable veil over
 "the heavens. Fear, that scourge to
 "the mind of man, that phantom
 "which had tormented the soul of Ab-
 "dallah from the banks of the Hinde-
 "mend, had quitted its pursuit; and
 "before the sleepy eyes of twilight had
 "closed upon the world, I arrived, ex-
 "hausted with weariness, at the foot of
 "the

the mountains : the hand of heav-
 ness had set its seal upon the eyelids
 of Abdallah : he yielded up his
 senses to the dominion of repose.
 The golden rays of the sun had
 crowned the mountains with bright-
 ness, ere the sluggard Abdallah had
 shaken off the power of sleep. Slum-
 ber had refreshed my soul, and I re-
 took my journey with cheerfulness
 and delight. Happiness, that vision-
 ary form which loves to sport with
 the imaginations of youth, even as
 the lightning playeth on the waters;
 now flashed before the sight of Ab-
 dallah. Ah ! said I to myself,
 thou canst no longer repine. The
 hand of the mighty Allah is thy pro-
 tector. 'Tis true, thou canst not call
 one

" one being in the world thy friend,
 " but no one will hurt thee; the ser-
 " pent envy c^osteth not its venom on
 " the desolate and forsaken; and what
 " spoils have the pilgrim and the wan-
 " derer, to provoke the hand of the
 " robber? Storms and sunshine suc-
 " ceed each other in the lives of man-
 " kind. The tempest has blown over
 " the head of Abdallah; and as the
 " gentle reed by the side of the brook,
 " he bent beneath the blast, but is still
 " unbroken."

" Such were the meditations which
 " engrossed the mind of thy servant,
 " when he found himself at length on
 " the summit of the mountain. Stop-
 " ping for a moment, I gazed around;
 " and

“ and even as the man who hath lain
 “ chained to his couch by the iron hand
 “ of disease, and tasteth again the cool-
 “ ing breeze, and vieweth once more
 “ the murmuring stream, the verdant
 “ plain, was the heart of the son of
 “ Horeb, when he beheld, at the foot
 “ of the mountain, a small and seques-
 “ tered cottage, resembling that in
 “ which he had seen so many days of
 “ peaceful solitude.

“ Twice had the moon displayed her
 “ silver lamp to the weary eyes of Ab-
 “ dallah, since they had beheld the face
 “ of man. ‘Alas!’ said I, ‘wherefore
 “ does thy heart sigh after the abodes of
 “ the sons of men, even as the pant-
 “ ing stag, escaped in the heat of noon
 “ from

"from the dart of the hunter, seeketh
 "for the running stream? Why dost
 "thou not flee from them, as from the
 "haunts of the lion? Hast thou not
 "found them subtle as the scaly croco-
 "dile, and ravenous as the hyena, who
 "seeketh his prey among the sepulchres,
 "and devoureth the bodies of the
 "dead? Yet thou art even as the flut-
 "tering moth which singeth its wings
 "in the flame, yet, lured by its bright-
 "ness, hovereth still around the daz-
 "zling mischief.'

"But the breast of youth still heav-
 "eth for the social intercourse of life;
 "and light as the wings of the lark,
 "sailing on the bosom of the air, did
 "the feet of the delighted Abdallah
 "con-

"convey him down the side of the
 "mountain. Approaching softly to-
 "wards the door of the cottage, I
 "perceived an old man sitting on the
 "grass: he held in his hand a caalean;
 "and the simplicity of his dress, and
 "the placid serenity of his counte-
 "nance, discovered to my inquiring
 "eyes the humble sphere in which he
 "moved. At his feet ran a glassy rivu-
 "let, which, dashing over the uneven
 "stones with which it was lined,
 "formed a murmuring cascade; he sat
 "under a spreading beech, the luxuri-
 "ant branches of which waved over
 "his little cottage, and afforded him a
 "cool and delightful shade; while the
 "mild beams of the setting sun gave
 "a soft glow to the dark green ver-
 "dure

"dure of the valley, and spread an air
 "of retired contentment over the scene.
 "With what awful admiration do the
 "calm beauties of simple nature inspire
 "the ingenuous mind of youth!—
 "' Ah !' cried I, with transport, ' here
 "then, Abdallah, thou art safe. Here
 "no boisterous passions dare intrude :
 "peace and innocence are the only in-
 "habitants of this beauteous vale. The
 "fresh bloom of the rose here fadeth
 "not beneath the withering scowl of
 "malice ; and the tongue of guile,
 "poisonous as the infected breath of
 "the galbud-samur*, here fainteth not

* Poisoner of the winds—a shrub found in the
 deserts of Caramania, supposed by some to be the
 occasion of those noxious winds which blow in that
 province during the hot season.

" the

" the perfumed breeze.' With reve-
 " rence I presented myself to the eyes
 " of the aged man, who seemed to be
 " master of the cottage before which he
 " sat ; and having saluted him respect-
 " fully, ' My father !' said I, ' wilt thou
 " deign to afford assistance to a weary
 " traveller, who has wandered alone
 " along the plains from the banks of
 " the river Hindemend, and, fatigued
 " with ascending this lofty mountain,
 " entreats thee to bestow on him the re-
 " freshment of rest and food ?'

" The old man, lifting his eyes from
 " the ground, on which they were
 " fixed, gazed on me for some time,
 " with a look of surprise. At length,
 " taking his caalean from his lips—

" ' My

“ ‘ My son ! ’ said he, ‘ thou art wel-
“ come ; for never was the door of
“ Hassan shut against the foot of the
“ weary.’ He then made me a sign to
“ sit down by him, with which I com-
“ plied ; and having related to him the
“ story of my misfortunes, he told me,
“ in return, that he was an aged pea-
“ sant, who had spent his long life in
“ that retired valley ; that he had many
“ children, who lived with him, and
“ had relieved him from those toilsome
“ occupations which the enfeebling
“ hand of age rendered him no longer
“ able to perform.

“ ‘ You are now,’ said he, ‘ on the
“ confines of the kingdom of Haican,
“ which forms a part of the mighty
“ em-

“ empire of Mogulstan, and about
“ twenty days journey from the river
“ Indus.”

“ Scarcely had he finished, ere he
“ was surrounded by several young
“ men and women, who had been
“ planting rice * in an adjoining field.

“ In good time are ye come, my
“ children !” said the venerable Haffan ;
“ ye shall assist your father to entertain
“ a tired stranger, whose destiny has
“ brought him from the plains beyond
“ the Hindemend, to seek for rest in
“ the lowly cottage of Haffan.”

* Rice is first sown in beds, and when it is
grown the height of half a foot it is trans-
planted.

“ Smiles

“ Smiles of cheerfulness animated
 “ every face as they welcomed the son
 “ of Horeb to the valley of Ambaran.
 “ —Then entering the cottage, they
 “ brought from thence dates, oranges,
 “ and pomegranates, with water drawn
 “ from the crystal rivulet which glided
 “ at our feet; and placing themselves
 “ in a circle on the grass, partook, with
 “ cheerfulness, of the food which na-
 “ ture had so bounteously provided for
 “ them. Having eaten of the delicious
 “ fruits which composed his supper,
 “ Hassan recounted to his children the
 “ cause of my quitting my native pro-
 “ vince, and wandering alone beyond
 “ the boundaries of the kingdom of
 “ Persia. Every eye was wet with the
 “ tear of compassion, every bosom
 “ heaved

“heaved with sorrow for the misfor-
“tunes of Abdallah. Struck by the
“air of sympathy impressed upon the
“countenances of these hospitable pea-
“sants, the vivacity which glowed
“within the breast of the son of Ho-
“reb, at the first view of their felicity,
“fled, leaving it the abode of the
“deepest melancholy.

““ ‘Ah, my son!’ said the good Haf-
“san, ‘let not the vulture grief prey
“upon thine heart; let not the hand
“of affliction weigh heavy on thy
“soul. Lo! the morning saw the
“clouds hang thick on the tops of the
“hills, but the bright beams of the
“sun dispelled the threatening gloom;
“day broke forth in its glory upon the
“moun-

" mountains, and mild as the gentle
 " whispers of the virgin, does the
 " evening zephyr sigh among the
 " branches. O Allah! thus may the
 " ray of happiness shine upon the life
 " of the son of Horeb!"

" " Ah, my father!" returned I, " I
 " presume not to repine: the barren
 " plain of misfortune is beaten by the
 " foot of many a traveller; and why
 " should Abdallah murmur to traverse
 " the dreary waste? Many are the
 " children of adversity; and who is
 " the son of Horeb, that he should
 " groan beneath the burden which the
 " hand of Allah destines him to bear?"
 " Then entering the cottage, the balmy
 " dews of slumber soon fell upon the
 VOL. I. K " eyes

" eyes of the aged Hassan and his
 " children; but that mild, that gentle
 " power, contendeth not with the rug-
 " ged arm of affliction; far it flies
 " from the frown of grief, to the quiet
 " mansions of content and peace.
 " The restless Abdallah threw himself
 " on a couch, but, alas! he slept not;
 " for, thick as the dark waves of the
 " troubled ocean, did images of horror
 " float upon his senses. Fatigued with
 " counting the tedious minutes, I arose,
 " and, gently opening the door, the
 " murmuring of the rivulet seemed to
 " invite my steps to press its dewy mar-
 " gin; while its dashing sound, which
 " echoed through the mountains, seem-
 " ed, in gentle accents, to sooth the
 " anguish of my heart: nor was this
 " the

" the only music which warbled soft on
 " the ear of Abdallah. The plaintive
 " tones of the lonely chantress of night
 " were wafted in mournful notes upon
 " the breeze, and seemed as the voice
 " of sympathy to his pensive soul.
 " Sleep now stole upon my senses;
 " but the day had not shed its golden
 " beams upon the earth, ere it with-
 " drew its weight from my eyes, leaving
 " me much refreshed from my toilsome
 " journey, and rendering me able to
 " proceed on my way toward the king-
 " dom of Haican. I arose, and bent
 " my steps to the door of the cottage,
 " where I perceived the good Hassan,
 " and Mirzan, the eldest of his chil-
 " dren, who were wondering at the
 " absence of the stranger.

"Ah, my son!" said the old man,
 "with an air of kindness, mingled
 "with melancholy, "how glad am I to
 "behold the smile of content once
 "more adorn thy face! But, alas!
 "the aged Hassan must prepare to
 "meet the storms of grief. Behold,
 "he must be even as the cedar of the
 "forest, whose branches are lopped
 "away by the destroying axe of the
 "woodman, and being only a with-
 "ered, decaying trunk, falls unheeded
 "to the ground. For thee, Abdallah,
 "thou art young, and canst bear up
 "against misfortune; but the strength
 "of Hassan is fled with his youth,
 "and he must sink beneath the pressure
 "of despair."

"Then

" Then beating his breast, and throw-
 " ing himself on the earth, he seemed
 " lost in the deepest sadness. The eyes
 " of his children, who were now assem-
 " bled round him, were filled with tears,
 " all but the obdurate Mirzan, whose
 " flinty heart felt not the soft touch of
 " pity, and was a stranger to the stings
 " of remorse. For a moment I stood
 " lost in speechless astonishment. At
 " length recovering my recollection,
 " ' My father, my kind host ' cried I,
 " ' why art thou afflicted? can Sorrow
 " rear her hideous front in the beautiful
 " solitude of Ambaran? and what
 " wretch has the cruelty to plant
 " the thorn of grief in the bosom
 " of contentment?' At these words,
 " gazing with a look of the sternest re-

“ sentment on the unaltered visage of
“ Mirzan, the old man said, with a
“ sigh, which pierced me to the soul,
“ “ The wretch who has wrung the
“ heart of Haffan, is his son. From his
“ youth,’ continued he, ‘even until now,
“ has Haffan spent his peaceful days in
“ this retirement, ignorant of the ways
“ of men : but better had it been to
“ suffer from the treachery of strangers,
“ than grieve for the perverse cruelty of
“ a beloved child.’

“ “ Son of Horeb !” said Mirzan, with
“ a determined air, ‘give ear to the
“ words of my mouth, and attempt not
“ to combat the resolution of thy friend.
“ That moment which beholds thy de-
“ parture from the valley of Amharan,
“ shall

“ shall the eyes of Mirzan bid adieu to
“ the cottage of his father. The quiet life
“ of shepherds suits not with the restless
“ spirit of Mirzan : the loud neighing
“ of Arabian steeds ; the lofty sounds
“ of the warlike trumpet, would be
“ more soothing to his soul, than the
“ mournful warblings of the bird of
“ night : and rather would Mirzan seek
“ his fortune in the most turbulent scenes
“ of life, than suffer his youth to glide
“ away in effeminate softness.”

“ “ O Prophet of the faithful !” cried
“ I, “ what crime has darkened the
“ short existence of Abdallah, that he
“ must thus repay hospitality and kind-
“ ness by plunging a dagger into the
“ bosom of his benefactor ?”—“ Grieve

“ not, Abdallah!’ said the good Hassan,
 “ ‘ as soon mightest thou pretend to
 “ thaw with thy tears those eternal
 “ snows which crown the brows of
 “ mount Caucasus, as to melt the stern
 “ and unrelenting nature of Mirzan.
 “ Few men have seen so many cheerful
 “ days as the aged Hassan; Happiness
 “ has still enlivened his retirement with
 “ her smiling face: but Peace presides
 “ over the lowly cottage, and flies with
 “ horror from the tumultuous haunts of
 “ men.’

“ ‘ Happiness,’ replied the youth, with
 “ a haughty smile, ‘ is not for Mirzan;
 “ his soul disdains her allurements: he
 “ fears neither the rough storms of fate,
 “ nor the dangerous wiles of the dissem-
 bler.

" bled. Let then the tempest beat in the
 " ears of Mirzan; he recks it not: as
 " the rock buffeted by waves shall he
 " stand firm, and laugh at the loud
 " winds, which in vain assail him. But
 " for thee, my father! spend not thy
 " feeble breath: as soon mightest thou
 " entreat the cataract to suspend its
 " roaring, and listen to thy voice, as
 " bend the heart of the determined
 " Mirzan. Farewell! and when Az-
 " rael shall visit thine abode, may his
 " cold embrace be unto thee even as
 " the soft slumber of the innocent
 " babe!"

CHAPTER X.

“ I TOOK leave of the good Haffan
“ and his children with regret ; and, ac-
“ companied by the unfeeling Mirzan,
“ began my journey in silence. The
“ soul of Abdallah shuddered at an in-
“ tercourse with one, whose unmoif-
“ tened eyes discovered so plainly
“ the icy nature of his heart. I now
“ began to reflect on the uncertainty of
“ that power, which men of every age,
“ of every rank, and in every clime,
“ have spent their days in seeking : ‘ and
“ which,’ cried I, ‘ O thou visionary
“ form ! which of thy votaries has pos-
“ sessed

“ fessed thy smiles? What man is that,
 “ whose life has been one continual sun-
 “ shine, and who can say from his heart,
 “ thy existence is real?” I pronounced
 “ these words aloud, without perceiving
 “ the scrutinizing glances which my
 “ companion cast upon my face.

“ ‘ Son of Horeb!’ said he, with a
 “ smile, ‘ thou sayest true; and thou
 “ mayest now be convinced, that hap-
 “ piness, that toy, for which mankind
 “ have so long sought in vain, is not
 “ confined to the cell of the anchorite,
 “ or the cottage of the peasant, but
 “ eludes alike the grasp of all pursuers.”
 “ I answered only by a deep sigh, and
 “ Mirzan continued: “ Attend to my
 “ voice, O Abdallah! and my words

" shall instruct thee to obtain that, for
 " which thou, with the rest of the sons
 " of Adam, art for ever toiling. Be
 " not the friend of any but thyself, nor
 " suffer thine heart to be entwined in
 " the silken bonds of amity: then shall
 " not thy breast be pierced by the sor-
 " rows of others. There are few bo-
 " soms in which evil hath not its abode;
 " therefore trust not the tongues of
 " men: tread not in the deepest ver-
 " dure, for there lurketh the adder, and
 " thou shalt feel his tooth: if thou re-
 " gardest not the smiles of men, then
 " shalt thou not fear their frowns.
 " When gall is in thine heart, let honey
 " flow from thy lips; for thou dissemblest
 " with those who would deceive thee.
 " I perceived that thou beheldest with
 " sur-

“ surprise, the tranquil firmness which
 “ reigned in the countenance of Mirzan
 “ when he turned his steps from the
 “ valley which contained his kindred.
 “ But know, O Abdallah ! I acknow-
 “ ledge no relation, I own no affection.
 “ What man is that who suffereth others
 “ to divide his heart, and can answer for
 “ its repose ? The heart of Mirzan is
 “ his own ; and he alone can pretend
 “ to happiness, who can behold un-
 “ moved the destiny of others. Thou
 “ shalt see,” pursued he with an air of
 “ satisfaction, ‘ with what success I have
 “ followed the tenets of my faith.’ He
 “ then drew from his bosom a small
 “ casket, containing twenty sequins, of
 “ which he had by stealth deprived his
 “ aged father. ‘ Gracious Allah !’ cried

“ ,

“ I, shrinking with disgust, ‘ is it possi-
“ ble that heaven can have formed a
“ soul, unyielding as the ice which en-
“ crusts the brooks in the chilling re-
“ gions of the north ?”

“ ‘ Son of Horeb, thou art deceived !’
“ said Mirzan : ‘ the ice, to which thou
“ comparest the soul of Mirzan, will melt
“ beneath the powerful beams of the
“ sun ; steel will bend when heated by
“ the hand of the workman : but the
“ human heart rises superior to every
“ power ; remains unsubdued by every
“ stroke ; such a one, at least, as in-
“ habits the breast of the son of Hassan.’

“ ‘ Ah, Mirzan !’ cried I, ‘ what
“ crime has the world been guilty of
“ to-

“ towards thee, that thus thou directest
“ thy vengeance against the whole race
“ of thy fellow-creatures? Or how
“ hast thou acquired sentiments, which
“ should only be found in breasts long
“ practised in the school of vice?”

“ ‘ Son of Horeb!’ replied my com-
“ panion, ‘ art thou yet to know, that
“ the thistle requireth less culture
“ than the vine; and that the nettle
“ flourisheth where the rose bloometh
“ not; that the noxious weed asketh
“ not the planter’s care, but springeth
“ spontaneous in the desert, and in the
“ garden?’

“ ‘ And is it possible,’ said I, ‘ that
“ thou wouldst rather possess the
“ poison- .

“poisonous quality of the kerzebre*,
 “than the soft perfume of the lily of
 “the valley?

“‘Fool!’ cried Mirzan, ‘dost thou
 “not perceive, that the gentle bloom of
 “the flowret inviteth the rude hand of
 “the spoiler; while the baleful breath of
 “the kerzebre repulseth the passenger,
 “and preserveth itself from destruction?
 “But let us not dispute. Mirzan shall give
 “thee proof, that even as the eagle, which
 “gazeth with unaverted eyes on the
 “glorious sun, exceedeth the linnet in
 “strength, so shall the thoughts of his
 “breast exceed thine in wisdom.’ He
 “uttered these words with a smile,
 “which contained a meaning, that the

* A poisonous shrub.

“inex-

“ inexperienced Abdallah could not
“ penetrate.

“ The sun now retired behind the
“ mountains, the face of the world
“ assumed a dusky hue ; and Mirzan
“ and Abdallah, having partaken of the
“ fruit with which the hospitable Haf-
“ san had replenished their basket,
“ sank in sleep upon the grass. The
“ airy visions, so apt to play round the
“ brain of the unfortunate, and em-
“ bitter the balm of repose, disturbed
“ not for this night the heavy slumber of
“ Abdallah. The fatigue of the day
“ had made the hard ground softer to
“ his limbs, than is the bed of down to
“ the enervate frame of princes.

“ Morn-

“ Morning being arrived, I was
“ awakened by the impetuous Mirzan,
“ and we once more set forth upon our
“ journey. After travelling in this man-
“ ner for four days, we arrived at the
“ town of Duchee *. As we approached
“ the gates, I observed the eyes of my
“ companion to sparkle with delight,
“ while the heart of Abdallah fainted
“ within him.

“ ‘ Ah, Mirzan !’ cried I, ‘ what means
“ that emotion of joy, which enlightens
“ thy visage; and why is thy cheek flushed
“ with pleasure ? Dost thou not despise
“ the sons of men ? Wherefore, then,
“ art thou glad to enter the society of a
“ race whom thou lovest not ?’

* A town in the province of Haican.

“ ‘ Know,

“ ‘ Know, O son of Horeb !’ replied
“ Mirzan, with a malignant smile, ‘ that
“ hatred, that passion so execrated by
“ the world, is capable of conveying
“ to the soul of the son of Hassan, en-
“ joyments more exquisite than the
“ most refined affection can bestow ;
“ and that there is more joy in infusing
“ a fatal drug into the bowl of an ene-
“ my, than in pressing to the heart a
“ beloved friend ?”

“ Perceiving that I shuddered with
“ horror as he spoke—

“ ‘ Fear not, Abdallah !’ continued
“ he ; ‘ Mirzan means not to lift the
“ hand of violence against his brethren :
“ the poison he uses will expend its
“ venom

" venom on the mind. 'Tis flattery,
 " which is more sure in its effects than
 " the most baleful plants which infect
 " the plains of Macassar.*—As he pro-
 " nounced these words, we entered the
 " town of Duchee. But conceive the
 " astonishment of Abdallah, when look-
 " ing on the countenance of my com-
 " panion, I perceived that the malicious
 " scowl, which so well expressed the
 " deadly temper of his mind, had given
 " place to an air of piety, more sancti-
 " fied than that of a saquir*, labouring
 " under the most severe penance. His
 " eyes were fixed upon the ground, and
 " he appeared buried in profound
 " thought. In this manner we ad-

* Priests who are maintained by begging, and
 held in great veneration by the Mahometans.

" vanced

“vanced slowly till we arrived in front
“of a magnificent mosque, crowned
“with a stately dome, at the corners of
“which were four turrets, and in each
“stood a mollah, who proclaimed in a
“loud voice the call to prayers. ‘Mir-
“zan,’ said I, ‘I will enter this mosque,
“and give thanks to our Prophet for
“the preservation which he has hitherto
“vouchsafed me, and implore his pro-
“tection for the future.’

“‘Do so,’ replied Mirzan, with a
“smile, ‘and forget not the son of
“Hassan in thy prayers.’

“‘How!’ cried I, ‘wilt thou not
“enter the mosque?’

“‘No;

“ ‘ No,’ answered he; ‘ business calls
“ me hence. But nevertheless, when
“ thy devotions are concluded, thou
“ shalt find me walking in the outer
“ court.’

“ He then left me; and taking my
“ slippers from my feet, and after having
“ washed, and spent some time in
“ prayer, I quitted the temple, and
“ again entered the court, where my
“ eyes wandered in vain in search of
“ Mirzan.

“ Wearied with waiting for a man,
“ who might have abandoned me, with
“ an intention never to return; and
“ having no reason to put faith in his
“ promises, I began to think, that, tired

“ of the company of one, from whom
 “ his boasted wiles could derive no be-
 “ nefit, he had left me to pursue my for-
 “ tunes alone. Full of these ideas, I
 “ was passing on into the street, with a
 “ resolution to seek a caravanserai, where
 “ I might spend the night; when, to my
 “ surprise, I beheld the son of Hassan
 “ in grave discourse with a stranger,
 “ who quitted him the moment they
 “ observed me. Mirzan advanced with
 “ a smiling air.

“ ‘ Ah, my friend!’ cried he, ‘ thou
 “ art doubtless tired of expecting me:
 “ but be not chagrined; the happiness
 “ which awaits us may well repay the
 “ suspense of a moment.’

“ ‘ Hear

" "Hear me, son of Haffan!" said I,
 " with a determined tone. "Think not
 " to sully a mind, pure as the brook,
 " murmuring over pebbles of crystal,
 " by entangling it in schemes of perfidy
 " and fraud. Thou hast laid open to
 " the view of Abdallah, a heart, dark
 " as the dreary vaults which contain the
 " ashes of the dead; relentless as the
 " spotted leopard, whose bleeding jaws
 " proclaim the destruction of the inno-
 " cent. Wonder not, then, at the just
 " abhorrence with which thou hast in-
 " spired the son of Horeb. Leave me,
 " O Mirzan!—leave me to pursue alone
 " the destiny which heaven designs me."
 " When I had pronounced these words,
 " he took my hand, and gazing in my
 " face,

“ face, as if unable to speak, the tears
“ sprang in his eyes.

“ “ O Mahomet !” cried he, at length,
“ “ is it possible that he, for whom alone
“ the soul of Mirzan ever felt a friend-
“ ship, should fly from his sight, as
“ more cruel than the monsters of the
“ desert ! Even as the golden beams of
“ the sun disclose the beauties of the
“ flowers, which bloomed in vain be-
“ neath the shades of darkness ; so has
“ the bright flame of thy virtue, O Ab-
“ dallah ! opened the heart of Mirzan,
“ which has been too long closed in the
“ night of vice. Listen then, O son of
“ Horeb ! to the words of my voice.
“ I swear by Mahomet, and the holy
“ imams, that every thought of my soul

“ shall be transparent to thy view ; and
“ that if thou discoverest there the
“ venom of deceit, that moment shall
“ destroy the bands which unite us.’

“ ‘ Tell me then,’ said I, ‘ what is
“ the happiness of which thou speakest,
“ and wherefore thou art thus rejoiced ?’

“ ‘ Thou wouldst doubtless wonder,’
“ replied he, ‘ what business could call
“ upon the son of Hassan in a place to
“ which he was a stranger. He shall
“ now inform thee. Inexperienced as
“ he is in the customs of mankind, age
“ has, nevertheless, implanted a thought-
“ fulness in his heart, to which thou,
“ youthful as thou art, hast not yet at-
“ tained. Mirzan left thee at the door

“ of

“ of the mosque with a view of obtain-
 “ ing food, and an asylum for the night.
 “ As he proceeded in meditation on the
 “ uncertainty of the fortunes of men,
 “ his eyes were struck by the appearance
 “ of a young man, magnificently dressed,
 “ attended by several slaves. I ven-
 “ tured not to accost him, but addressing
 “ myself to one of the slaves, entreated
 “ him to direct me to a caravansera,
 “ where two weary travellers might take
 “ up their abode. The young man ob-
 “ serving me, demanded the words
 “ which I had spoken; and on being
 “ informed of my request, ordered me
 “ to advance, and having dismissed his
 “ attendants, fell into discourse with
 “ me. After I had related to him our
 “ story, he said, with an air of benignity,
 “ nity,

" nity, ' Thou art now talking with a
 " man who is a stranger like thyself.
 " I am a merchant of the town of
 " Moultan, which is situated on the
 " eastern bank of the river Indus,
 " whom heaven has not only endowed
 " with wealth, but likewise with a heart
 " capable of diffusing it. I give this
 " night an entertainment to my friends,
 " at which thou, and the young Persian
 " of whom thou speakest, shall be wel-
 " come.'

" "Transported at the beneficence of
 " the stranger, and full of the affection
 " with which thy virtue had inspired
 " my soul, I failed not to speak of thee,
 " as one with whom the merchant
 " would be charmed; and dwelt with
 " de-

“ delight on the melody with which thou
 “ warbledst forth the songs of the poet
 “ Hafez, making me forget, in the
 “ sweetness of thy strains, the tedious-
 “ ness of the way.’

“ ‘ Ah !’ cried the merchant, ‘ I am
 “ enchanted at thy words ! Cofrou is a
 “ man who spareth nothing for the satis-
 “ faction of his guests. All the fingers
 “ of Duchee have in vain exerted their
 “ talents before me ; they have failed to
 “ please : and I this morning caused it
 “ to be proclaimed, that three hundred
 “ sequins should be the reward of that
 “ finger, whose strains should be for-
 “ tunate enough to seem pleasing in the
 “ ears of Cofrou and his friends.’

“ ‘Generous Cosrou !’ cried I, ‘ I will
 “ hasten to meet Abdallah, and inform
 “ him of the noble offer which thou
 “ hast made.’ The merchant then led
 “ me to the house which he inhabits
 “ during his abode in this town, and
 “ after conveying me to the door of the
 “ mosque, quitted me to return home.

“ ‘ I have now declared to thee the
 “ adventure, which raised emotions of
 “ pleasure in the breast of the son of
 “ Haffan ; and thou alone canst deter-
 “ mine whether or not thou wilt profit
 “ by the recital.’

“ In a word, infligated by the eager
 “ spirit of youth, I hesitated not, but
 “ seized with avidity the offer of the
 “ mer-

" merchant ; and proceeding to the
 " bazar *, we furnished ourselves, by
 " means of the ill-acquired sequins of
 " Mirzan, with clothes more fit to
 " appear in the presence of Cosrou.
 " After having employed ourselves
 " in admiring every thing worthy of
 " notice in the town, we bent our
 " steps towards the house of the mer-
 " chant, which Mirzan found without
 " difficulty.

" The roof and pillars of the court
 " through which we passed, were of the
 " finest porphyry, and the floor was de-
 " corated with scarlet cloth, beautifully
 " embroidered. While I was gazing
 " in profound admiration on the mag-

* Market-place.

" nificence

“ nificence of the furrounding objects,
“ by the light of innumerable flambeaux,
“ which seemed to defy the night,
“ ‘ O Abdallah !’ said Mirzan, ‘ tell me
“ what are thy thoughts ? Wouldst
“ thou not exchange the simple beauties
“ of the cottage and rivulet of Amha-
“ ran, for a scene of so much splen-
“ dour ?’

“ I was about to reply to these words,
“ when a slave advanced, and offered
“ to conduct us to his master.

“ We suffered him to lead us to the
“ apartment in which the guests were as-
“ sembled, partaking of a feast fit for the
“ entertainment of the greatest omrahs.
“ Mirzan presented me to the merchant,

“ and, after having informed him I was
 “ the young Persian of whom he had
 “ spoken in the morning, took a seat
 “ among the guests. As for thy servant,
 “ Cosrou ordered him, in a tone of au-
 “ thority, to sing some of the verses of
 “ Hafez. Unused to the air of gran-
 “ deur that reigned around, the coward
 “ soul of Abdallah, shrunk beneath an
 “ unconquerable awe. I hastened, how-
 “ ever, to obey: but, alas! my efforts
 “ were vain; my voice faltered; and
 “ I stopped, overwhelmed with con-
 “ fusion. I perceived, with dismay, the
 “ storm which was beginning to cloud
 “ the dark visage of Cosrou: his fierce
 “ eyes sparkled with rage, and he was
 “ preparing a bitter rebuke as the re-
 “ ward of my unsuccessful endeavours;
 “ when

“ when happily my courage returned.
 “ I began once more the song of Haféz,
 “ and it was received with general ap-
 “ probation. Applause, that spur to
 “ ambition, aided by the fumes of the
 “ opium which was presented to me,
 “ encouraged me, at the desire of the
 “ merchant, to sing with more confi-
 “ dence some of the most admired verses
 “ of the great Ferdous *.

“ The guests now began to withdraw ;
 “ and Mirzan approaching me, said
 “ with a low voice, ‘ Son of Horeb,
 “ thou hast performed well. *I* thank
 “ thee for the service thou hast done

* A famous Persian poet, who wrote the history
 of the kings of his country, in sixty-six thousand
 verses. He was a native of Bactria.

“ me ;

“ me; and I hope, in return, that ex-
“ perience will teach thee, never in
“ future to despise the genius of Mir-
“ zan’.”

- END OF VOL. I.

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There is a small, dark, circular mark on the right side of the page, possibly a hole or a stain.

